

35 Top New York Hotels: A Guide to Rates, Service, and Ambience

Why Nixon's Book Is Must Reading, by Garry Wills

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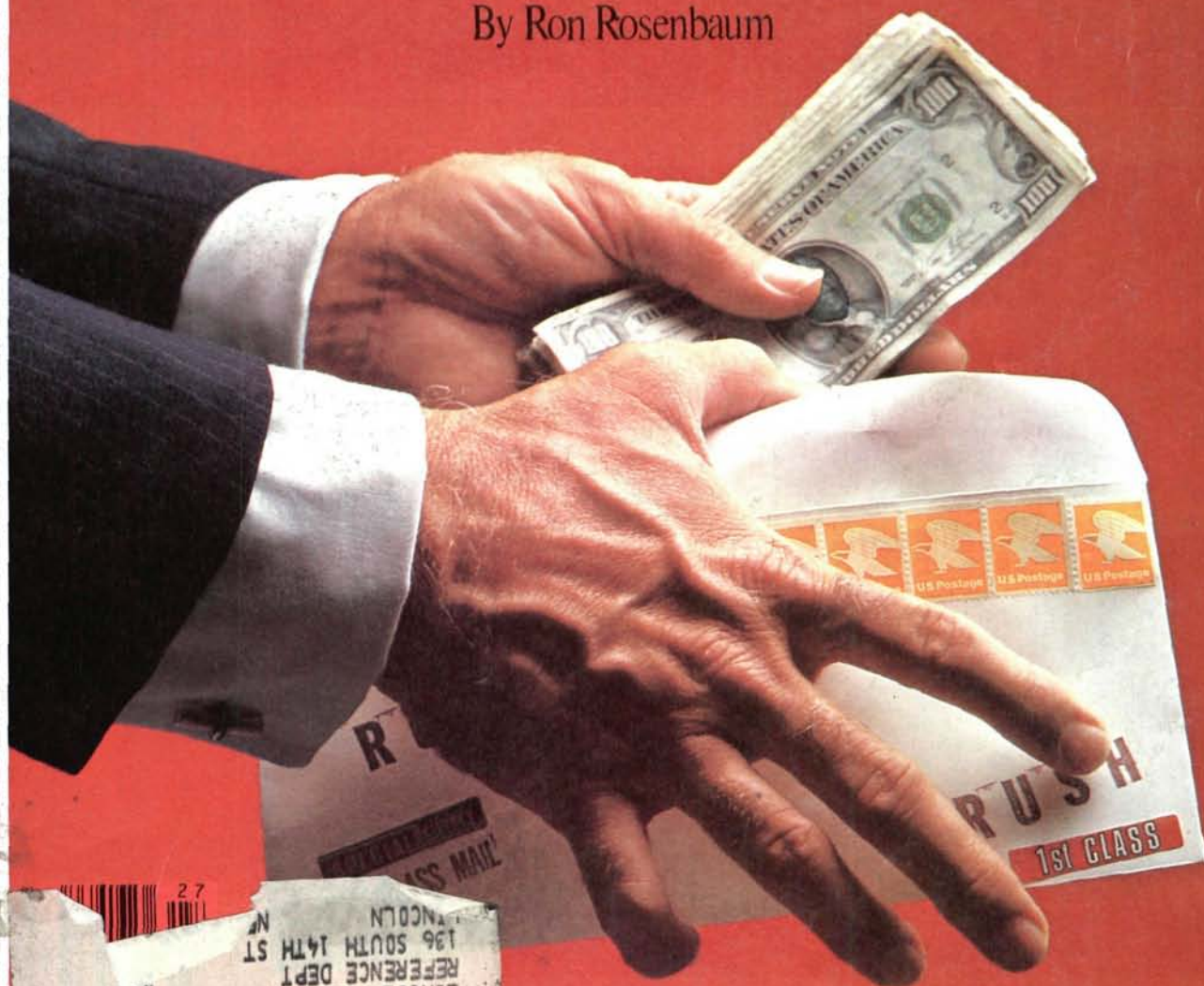
NEW YORK

JUN 27 1978

The Get-Rich-Quick Dream

Adventures in the Mail-Order Money Trade

By Ron Rosenbaum

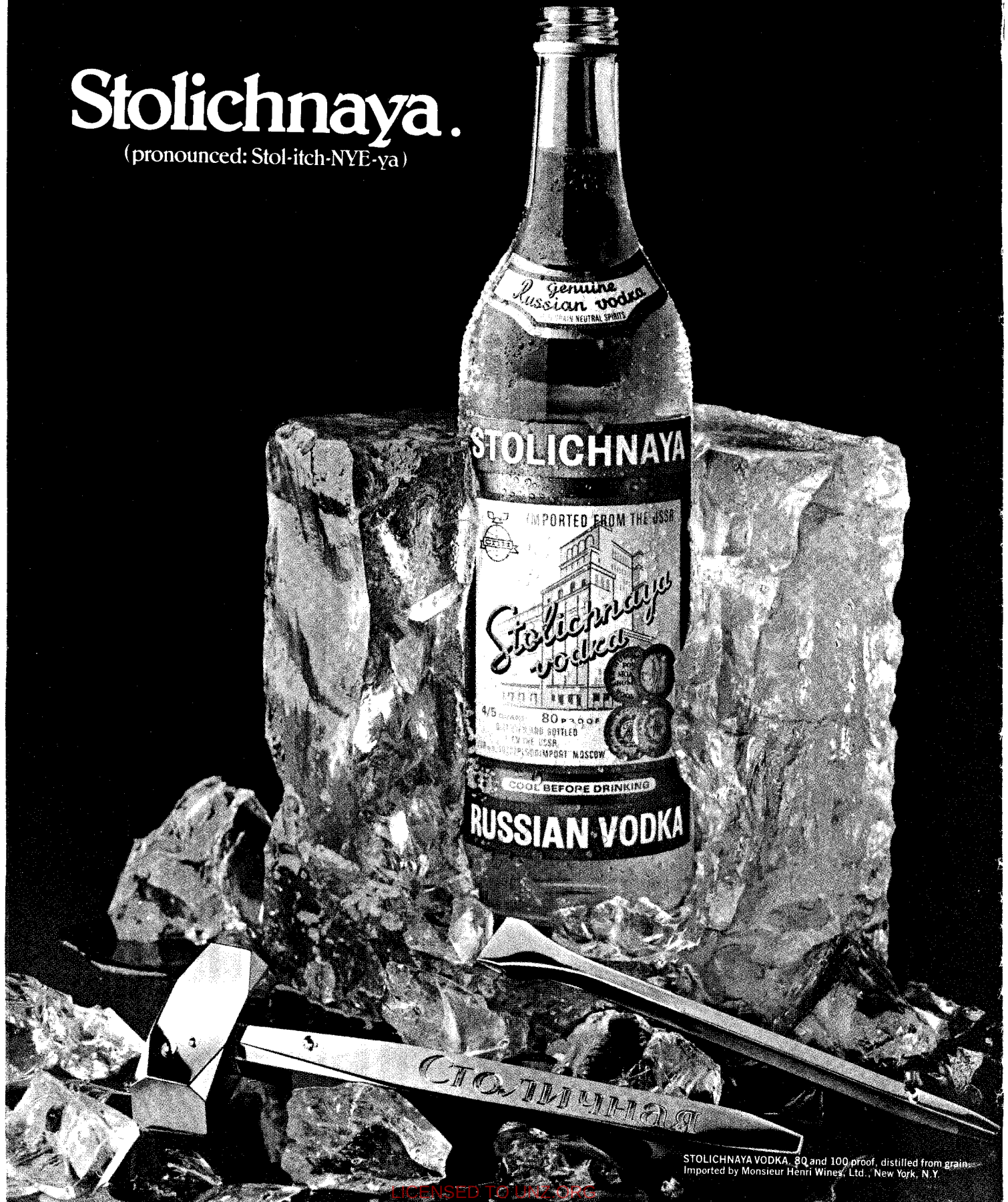


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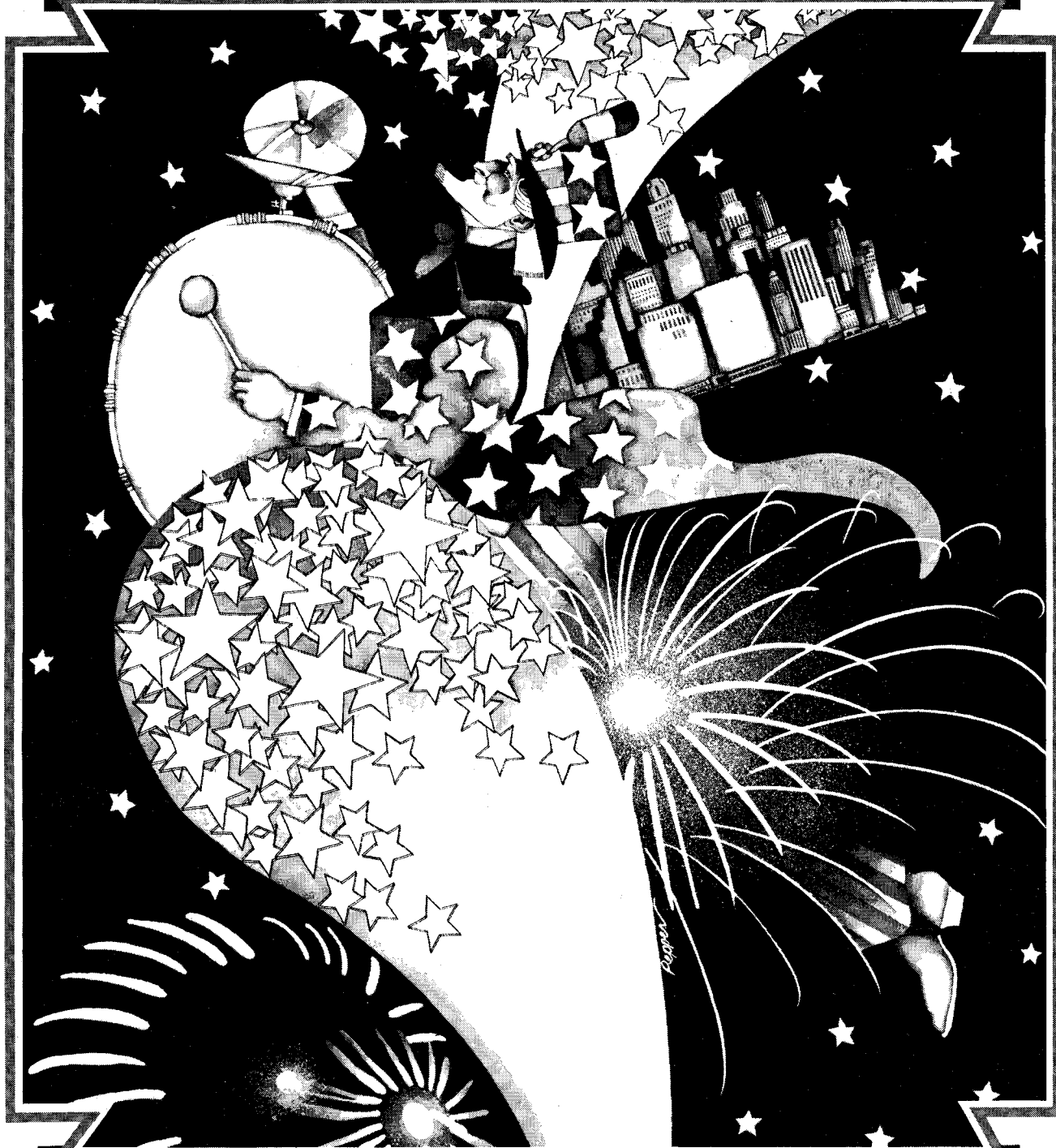
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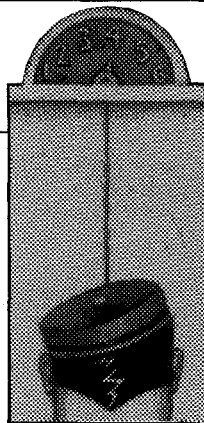
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By Ron Rosenbaum

You've seen those ads in the back pages of some (not all) magazines: "Secrets of Success Revealed—Mail Coupon," stuff like that. Well, Ron Rosenbaum sent in all the coupons and amassed a bewildering collection of get-rich-quick methods, some dealing with sex, some invoking ancient mysticism, some making sense, some just plain nutty. After leafing through several trunkloads of these books, Rosenbaum emerged with a tangle of conclusions—one of which is that the people who write these books, and the people who send away for them, constitute the last stronghold of the capitalist dream.

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By Anthony Wolff

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By Harold J. Kennedy

Good-natured sassy broad, graceful dance partner, classy comedienne—Ginger Rogers has been all these things, at least in her movie persona. What is the real Ginger like? Not quite the same.

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Special Handbook:

Great New York Hotels

By Nancy Winters

New York, they say, is a great place to

visit. Fine, but where do you stay? In this special handbook on New York hotels, we report on 35 of the best places to stay in town—not always the most expensive, *certainly* not the cheapest, but, at least, places that offer good service at realistic prices.

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By Terry Clifford

Photographed by Paul Elson

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By Pat Miller

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Why All of Us Should Read Nixon's Memoirs

By Garry Wills

There's a message in that controversial tome: how a man of power, fully aware of an erratic streak in his personality, could profit from that aberration. Garry Wills, author of *Nixon Agonistes*, explains how the ex-president's self-deceptions can lead to national self-knowledge.

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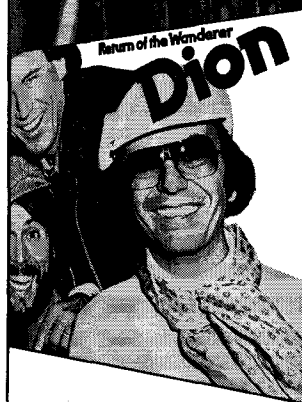
"Gingerly" is excerpted from the forthcoming book *No Pickle, No Performance*, to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1978 by Harold J. Kennedy.

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where the buffalo roam.**

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LETTERS

Rock Keeps You Giggling

Christina Paolozzi Bellin's "Rock Keeps You Young" [June 26] was a delight from beginning to end. Perelman or the great Benchley could hardly have done better.

As I giggled my way through this delicious parody, one nagging little thought troubled me faintly. Could the lady be serious? It *was* a joke. Wasn't it?

Barbara S. Allen
Ridgewood, N.J.

All Night, Josephine

In your guide to all-night places in New York ["All-Night New York," June 19], the section on ambulances left readers with the impression that calling 911 for emergency assistance will result in their going only to a municipal hospital.

Ambulances dispatched via 911 may be affiliated with either a municipal hospital, run by the Health and Hospitals Corporation, or by a voluntary hospital. The attendants must take you to the hospital of your choice provided that: (1) it is not a life-threatening situation, in which case you would be taken to the nearest hospital, and (2) that the hospital you request is not more than ten minutes' travel time farther than the nearest hospital.

If either an HHC- or voluntary-ambulance attendant refuses to comply with these regulations, you have the right to call the police, who will order the ambulance to the appropriate hospital. Otherwise, complain to both the supervisor and the head of the Emergency Medical Services Division of the HHC. Tapes of radio transmissions are kept for 90 days, and you may have departmental charges pressed against the attendants.

In a hearing I held in February on the subject of emergency medical services, testimony showed that unless a person requests a specific hospital that is not affiliated with the responding ambulance, the patient often is taken to the hospital where the ambulance came from.

Antonio G. Olivieri
Councilman-at-large, City Council
Manhattan

With reference to the "All-Night New York" handbook, I wish to inform you that there is an alternative to 911 and "pay as you go" ambulance

services. We, the member corps of the 18th district, New York State Volunteer Ambulance and First Aid Association, offer to residents of our respective communities emergency first aid and transportation, 24 hours per day, seven days a week, completely *free of charge*.

Our district covers Northeast Queens and Co-op City; other districts in New York cover the rest of Queens, parts of the Bronx, and parts of Brooklyn. Each volunteer ambulance corps is entirely community-supported by donations. Each riding member is at least American Red Cross first-aid certified, although most of us are New York State-certified emergency technicians. All of us are cardiopulmonary-resuscitation technicians. We are chartered by the state of New York, and we feel we are an integral part of the emergency medical service of the city of New York.

Our telephone numbers are listed in the directories, and no call is ever refused. We will take any resident of our community to any hospital he chooses within a radius of 50 miles; 911 will not do this, and the private ambulances will charge a high fee for this service. We have the most modern, up-to-date equipment and are fully trained to use it.

Shelly Pollack
Secretary, District 18
New York State Volunteer
Ambulance and First Aid Association
Little Neck, N.Y.

Color Bind

Oh Lord, I can hear it coming! Instead of "Are you Puerto Rican? Jewish? Chicano?" etc., I am now going to be subjected to "Are you a mulatto?" And the answer will still be, "No, I'm black."

Because, you see, the problem with Orde Coombs's article "Mulatto Pride" [June 26] is that it never distinguishes between the few people who have one black and one white parent—and, therefore, are placed in a truly anguishing position in an America that is obsessed with race and thoroughly infested with racism—and the countless black people, like me, who happen to have light skin as the result of involuntary liaisons between black women and white men that took place generations ago. Nor does this article seem to take into account the difference between the his-

torical situation of black Americans and blacks in the highly class/caste-conscious societies of places like Jamaica, Haiti, and, until recently, Cuba. For, in the United States, miscegenation did not create as sure a path of economic and political privilege (particularly as blacks migrated from their American cultural cradle in the South, where in centers like New Orleans and Atlanta I hear light skin carries much more prestige than I have ever experienced in my native California or during my eight years in New York) as it did for "mulattoes" in the Caribbean.

And, by obscuring the real nature and the actual extent of "skin privilege" in American society, this article threatens to resurrect an old bugbear instead of healing any wounds.

Judith Wilson
Manhattan

For Those in Peril on the River

Terry Clifford's interesting list ["New York Shipwrecks," June 12] unfortunately contains one major error. The British ship that sank in the East River in 1780, containing \$1.8 million, was not the *Lexington* but the *Hussar*. In doing research for the first comprehensive history of the Bronx since 1912, I have uncovered certain facts about this wreck. The widespread belief that the *Hussar* had been carrying gold bullion was enough to induce several adventurers of the nineteenth century to try to raise it, but only fragments of wood were ever found. Actually, a careful examination of the records reveals that the ship had delivered its gold cargo before it sailed up the East River and foundered on the rocks of Hell Gate, sinking near the mouth of the Bronx River.

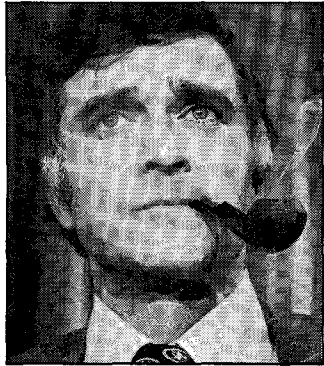
The great *General Slocum* disaster occurred in approximately the same area in 1904, and many of the survivors were brought to the Bronx shore and were given medical attention in Lincoln and Lebanon hospitals.

By sheer coincidence, the *Restless*, built by Adriaen Block in 1614 to replace the wrecked *Tiger*, took the same route later to be traversed by the *Hussar* and the *General Slocum*. Block, however, was more successful and thus had the honor of discovering the coastline of the East Bronx.

Lloyd Ultan
Vice-president
Bronx County Historical Society
Bronx

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Ford Finds Energetic Mate



Zarb: Carrying ball for Jerry.

Despite the pleas of his wife, Jerry Ford is pressing ahead with his plan to regain the presidency in 1980. The talk on Wall Street is that Ford has already picked his running mate: Frank Zarb, the man who was his energy czar and who is now with Lazard Freres. Ford is said to feel that energy will be one of the big issues in the campaign and that the Carter administration will still be struggling to get its energy act together. Zarb, who has now been installed as chairman of the National Energy Foundation, has all the credentials to convince voters that this is one issue, at least, about which Jerry is serious.

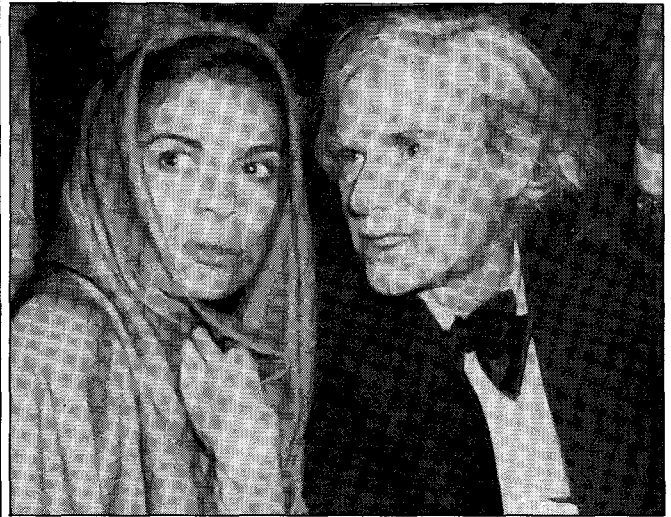
8 x 10 Glossy And Expensive

Neil Walsh, commissioner of protocol for the borough of Manhattan, was leafing through *People* magazine and spotted a snap of his old pal Robert Strauss stepping off *Air Force One* after having been chosen to head Jimmy Carter's version of WIN. Walsh wanted a print of the picture to send to Strauss, but the magazine quoted him a price of \$85. Instead, he invested in a phone call to Washington to inform Strauss he should start the fight against inflation by getting after *People*.

Off Broadway And in the Black

Is there life after Broadway? You bet there is, says *By Strouse* producer Norman Kean. Kean notes that last week we lumped *By Strouse* with three musical flops: *Alice*, *The Prince of Grand Street*, and *Working*. In fact, he says, *By Strouse* is now alive and well in Toronto, Denver, and (soon) Sydney, Australia; Los Angeles; and Birmingham, Michigan. "The show cost only \$30,000 to mount, and it's been producing a profit of about \$1,000 a week ever since," says Kean. As for *Alice*, Anita MacShane, of the Urban Arts Corps, tells us they're trying to remount the show this summer. "We're going to return to the original concept, not that of director Mike Nichols," she says. "I'm sure Mr. Nichols is fine for some things, but he imposed his own concept on us. All the principals are getting together to restage the show. Except Mr. Nichols. Not under any circumstances."

Finding Their Level



Bianca, Andy, at 54: Social success beneath their feet.

Getting into Studio 54 isn't the hardest thing in town, after all. Getting into Studio 54's *basement* now is. What must be the world's most exclusive spot, the cellar of the jet-set disco, nightly echoes to the joyous cries of Mick and Bianca (not together), Liza, Andy, Halston, Elton, Ahmet and Mica, and the like. This *crème de la crème* can get away from the already filtered crowd upstairs and relax in a plush atmosphere of soft divans, private wine cellars, gentle lighting, and utter discretion. Owner Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager had planned to turn the basement area into a fun world of bumper cars and pinball machines, but the space has become just too popular with their biggest names. It seems everyone wants to go down in the world.

City Going to the Dogs



Last roundup at the ASPCA if mayor doesn't come through.

It sounds like an Irwin Allen disaster movie, but, if the ASPCA is right, New Yorkers may soon be running from crazed packs of wild dogs. The ASPCA's director, Dr. John Kullberg, says he isn't being alarmist about the situation. "If we can't get another million dollars from the city, we will, as of July 1, suspend our roundup of stray dogs," says Kullberg. "The result is terrible to contemplate. There will be packs of sick and mangy dogs roaming the streets." Kullberg and Mayor Ed Koch have been arguing about money for weeks now, the mayor insisting that the \$750,000 the city has given the society should be enough to cope with strays. "That amount is only enough to pick up injured animals," says Kullberg, who plans to take a full-page ad in the *Times* to tell the citizens of the peril that faces them.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Bills Mounting In WPIX Battle

The news that Forum Communications is taking its challenge of WPIX's license to the United States Court of Appeals went down like a lead balloon at the *Daily News* Building. WPIX sources say the channel has already spent more than \$4 million fighting the challenge, and the appeal means at least another year of horrendous legal bills. Luckily WPIX makes more money than its corporate sister, the *Daily News*. Forum, whose members include Ronnie Eldridge, Harry Belafonte, and Sonny Fox, notes that the Federal Communications Commission turned it down by only four votes to three, the dissenters savagely castigating WPIX for its past policies.

Gene's Dancing Off to London



Kelly: Beaming in London salute.

Gene Kelly, who has lately been doing TV commercials in France, looks back toward home July 22, when he hosts *Salute to the USA* from the Royal Ballet in London. The show will come in live via satellite to Channel 5. The event is the brainchild of Metromedia Television president Larry Fraiberg, who brought us *Die Fledermaus* live from London on New Year's Day and who, at the other end of the scale, was the first person to sign *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* for his station. The Royal Ballet concert will open with Scott Joplin's "Elite Syncopations."

Publishing Notes From All Over

The sensational John Knight homosexual murder case is going to get a national airing with the October publication of Arthur Bell's *Kings Don't Mean a Thing*. The book, from Morrow, has already been grabbed by *Playboy*, which will publish a 10,000-word chunk from it in September. *Village Voice* writer Bell began working on the murder two years ago, right after the young heir to the Knight newspaper fortune was found dead in a Philadelphia apartment. Agent Sue Mengers is now negotiating a movie deal, and Berkley will do the paperback. . . . Also looking at the gay scene, but in fictional form, is Larry Kramer, whose *Faggots* is coming from Random House in November. It covers a four-day holiday weekend, tracking its characters from the city's gay bars to Fire Island. There'll be a lot of who's who guessing when the book comes out. One character is the head of a giant entertainment combine and he's hardly disguised at all. . . . Another sensational book is Edward Z. Epstein and Joe Morella's *The Ince Affair*. It probes the unsolved murder of Thomas Ince, the movie mogul, on the yacht of William Randolph Hearst in November 1924. Apart from Hearst and Ince, the other guests on the

fatal cruise were Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin, and Louella Parsons. The book speculates that Chaplin (who Hearst suspected was having an affair with Davies) was the intended murder victim. A movie deal is under way and Orson Welles is being mentioned as the star, giving him the chance to re-create his *Citizen Kane* role. . . . And how will New American Library get back the record \$2.55 million it paid for paperback rights to Mario Puzo's *Fools Die?* NAL also acquired the reprint rights to *The Godfather* in the deal, which, they believe, will be worth a bundle when the movie *Godfather III* is finally made. . . . Big-money author Stephen Birmingham is again being accused of plagiarism, this time by Harry Zehner in the June 24 *Saturday Review*. After giving examples of Birmingham's "borrowing" of big chunks of text for his books *The Grandees* and *Real Lace*, Zehner, a professor of English, concludes that "the only effective defense against most literary copycats is public exposure and embarrassment." It's less than a year since author Sophy Burnham won an apology from the Sunday *Times Magazine* for a Birmingham piece that had borrowed too liberally from her book *Art Crowd*.

A Seven-Letter Word Meaning \$

Anyone who still thinks of Scrabble as something to play on a wet summer's day in the Hamptons hasn't checked out the action at the Mayfair Club. The private establishment on East 57th Street is the hangout of many of the city's top bridge and backgammon players, but lately the feverish action has been around the Scrabble board, with stakes of \$10 a point, or \$500 a game, common. One triumph (a good seven-letter word) in the game as played at the Mayfair is to get all tiles out in one go for a \$500 bonus. In one recent match, a top Scrabble player allowed his opponent a start of 195 points (\$1,950) and still came out several hundred dollars in front.

Christina Plays Greek Tycoon



Christina: Towering ambition.

Christina Onassis, firmly in control of her late father's financial empire, is moving to take over sole ownership of Olympic Tower, the ritzy condominium block on Fifth Avenue. The building is now jointly owned by Christina and the Arlen Realty & Development Corporation. It hasn't achieved all its lofty goals, and Arlen's Arthur Cohen is said to be willing to sell his half to Christina. . . . Speaking of the Onassis, a young editor at Doubleday bumped into fellow-employee Jackie O the other day. He told her he'd just been to see *The Greek Tycoon*, then realized this might be a faux pas. Trying to dig himself out, he stuttered: "You were very . . . dull in it."

A Star Is Not Born



Julie: Remembering Mrs. Sanger.

The last time we noticed Julie Christie she was being pursued by a randy computer in a movie called *Demon Seed*. Her lesson learned, she will next play birth-control pioneer Margaret Sanger in a made-for-NBC production called *The Remarkable Mrs. Sanger*. Veteran producer Joel Schenker has been sitting on the property for years. "I've always been an admirer of Margaret Sanger and had hoped to produce this on Broadway," Schenker told us. Instead it will be seen by millions sometime next season.

Mary Anne Set To Run Own Race

Despite what you read in the *Times*, Mary Anne Krupsak firmly intends to run against her former teammate, Governor Hugh Carey. The *Times* has run several pieces, unsigned, to the effect that Mary Anne would wind up supporting Carey. Dave Garth, Carey's own media guru, shares the *Times's* belief, possibly because he fears that if Mary Anne runs she'll end Carey's career one way or the other. Either she'll beat him in a costly (for both) primary or leave upstate and women voters so disenchanted that they'll stay home on Election Day. Garth has in his possession a commercial Krupsak made with Carey before they split and is threatening to air it. Mary Anne says she doesn't mind if he does, because the commercial includes Carey's lavishing of praise on her for her efforts in attracting new business to the state.

The City Politic/Orde Coombs

RACIAL POLITICS IN BROOKLYN: RICHMOND'S FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

Truth and Consequences

By now, nearly everyone has read his letter. It was straightforward enough. Congressman Fred Richmond told the residents of the 14th Congressional District: "I made solicitations with payment of money to a young man, beginning almost a year ago, and, as a result of those solicitations, last February I made further solicitations with payment of money, in my own home, to a man who unbeknownst to me was an undercover police officer."

After he went public last April, Richmond waited to see if there would be any pieces of a political career left to pick up. He had apparently felt that he had no other choice but to throw open the confessional, because the United States attorney's office had entered the case and Jack Anderson had prepared a column about the matter. Still, he could have taken the path often followed by American politicians these days—proclaim innocence and buy time before being proved guilty.

Richmond's constituents were shaken, not by any evidence of moral turpitude, but by his honesty. As one Brooklyn Heights resident put it: "His confession was an eye-opener to me. No lies. No hedges. No ambiguities. It made me think I could trust politicians again." And said another, "Look, we had John Rooney representing us for 30 years, and we learned not to believe a word politicians said. Now Richmond comes clean, so you can't help but stand by the guy."

By the first half of April, Richmond had reason to hope that the initial embarrassment and shock would subside, that he could complete the First Offender Treatment Program in Washington, have the charges dismissed, and stand for re-election in the fall. After all, the hundreds of letters his Brooklyn offices received during early April were encouraging and appeared supportive of his decision not to resign.

Yet now, a serious effort is being made to oust the congressman, and the reasons only peripherally involve sexual indiscretions.

One of the men who have been leading this drive is the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, pastor of the House of the Lord Pentecostal Church on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn and chairman of Concerned Leaders and Citizens to Save



Shaky future: Can Richmond win?

Our Youth. Daughtry, an ex-con who found Jesus during a stretch at Trenton State Prison, has been a minister for eighteen years—many of them spent on the barricades. He was there during the Ocean Hill-Brownsville fight for community control of public schools and has been a thorn under the big toe of many black Brooklyn politicians because of his uncompromising belief in black power and his refusal to grin in the faces of those people whom he does not like.

Interviewed in the April 29 issue of the New York *Amsterdam News*, Daughtry launched his first broadside. He said that "the only honorable thing Richmond could do at this point is to step aside," and he wondered about the silence of Brooklyn's black politicians "when there is enough outrage to build upon." His statements forced an editorial from the newspaper saying that "Richmond should relinquish any claims on the office he now holds and publicly declare that he is not a candidate for re-election in next fall's balloting." The paper then allowed the nub of its contention to shine: "Able young leaders from the community are prepared to run for that seat."

And so, all at once, we understand that it is not moral outrage that churns

up Richmond's detractors. It is simply a taste for political power. For the 14th Congressional District was carved out in 1974 because the Justice Department insisted on improved minority representation in the area. It was to be "a black seat." But in the factionalized world of black Brooklyn politicians, not many leaders could rally around a single candidate. Richmond, with a well-financed campaign, swept to victory. The chagrin of politically involved blacks in the area has been acute ever since, for Richmond's victory demonstrated the powerlessness of blacks.

But Richmond is no fool. He is a millionaire and he represents the third-poorest congressional seat in New York State. It is a polyglot landscape of Polish Catholics in Greenpoint, Italians in South Brooklyn, Arabs along Atlantic Avenue, Hasidic Jews in Crown Heights, Wasps in Brooklyn Heights, Hispanics in Williamsburg, and blacks almost everywhere.

So, with his election secured, he proceeded to mend fences among the blacks as if wood were going out of style. He would leave Washington every weekend to attend one of the black churches in his district. He ministered to the egos of the preachers, contributed to their fund-raising campaigns, and made himself available to them to such an extent that they began to call him "Brother Richmond." One woman, a member of Siloam Presbyterian Church at Jefferson and Marcy avenues in Brooklyn, said about Richmond's visits to neighborhood churches: "I forgot that he was a Jew and that he should be going to a synagogue. He just seemed so much at home here."

Reverend Milton Galamison, the church's pastor and a strong supporter of the representative, calls Richmond's performance "flawless as a congressman, responsive as a human being." And then he adds: "There must be something wrong with a society in which a man can live and work and make great contributions for twenty years and then be counted as a cipher because he makes a moral error."

Why then is the Daughtry movement growing? Because the minister understands the depth of black people's hostility at having, in 1978, a white man represent their interests. As Donald White, a resident of the district, put it: "We have to be a long way from not



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What you've just read came out of a surprise phone call we made to Mr. Langston C. Harley of Rockaway, New Jersey.

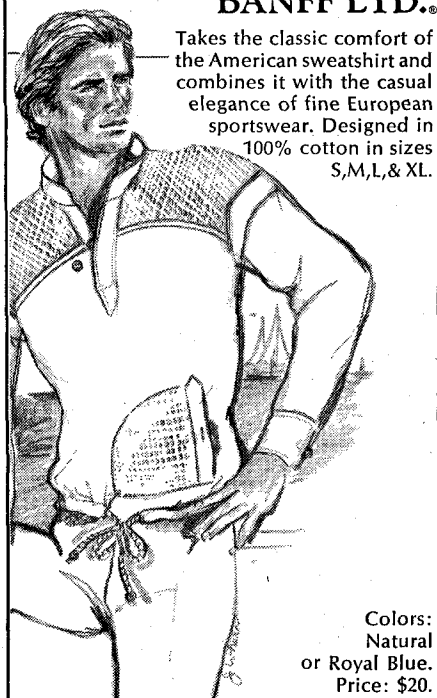
We thank Mr. Harley for his spontaneous enthusiasm. And we urge everyone to test-drive the precision-engineered Audi 5000. Discover for yourself its front-wheel drive (what a difference it makes in bad weather!) And the unique 5-cylinder fuel-injected engine we chose for its efficiency and performance. And the luxurious, roomy interior that can seat five passengers comfortably. And the sleek European styling. Discover, too, that standard equipment in the 5000 includes cruise control, steel-belted radials, electric rear window defogger — plus a lot more.

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—HIGH SOCIETY MAG.

Where Hollywood left off...



STARRING

WADE NICHOLS
LESLIE BOVEE
GEORGINA SPELVIN
ANNETTE HAVEN

Executive Producer **Robert Sumner**
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BASED ON AN IDEA
BY OSCAR WILDE

having massas, before we can come back to accepting white people as our leaders."

And so, what has seemed at first to be a hazy challenge on moral grounds is beginning to look like a racial *Putsch*. On May 6 in the *Amsterdam News*, Reverend Daughtry published an article, a long, impassioned piece called "The Moral Dilemma of Fred Richmond." All the meanderings around the racial issue were abandoned as Daughtry put it in the open: "One is driven to the conclusion that the only reason that Fred Richmond is allowed to remain in office, the only reason that there isn't a thunderous outcry against him is that Fred Richmond is white and Black kids were the objects of his attention." And in a masterstroke to silence potential black critics of his hard-line stand against the congressman, Daughtry said: "The question must be put to those Blacks who hasten to Richmond's side, 'Have you done it because your own moral lives cannot stand scrutiny, or are you indebted to him, or are you afraid?'"

Bryant Rollins, the editor of the *Amsterdam News*, was surprised by the stridency and condemnatory tone of the letters and articles on Richmond that reached the newspaper. He tried to give Richmond equal time.

But the congressman refused. Rollins now says that as a result of his soundings in the 14th Congressional District he feels confident that if "a good black candidate comes forward in the September primary, Richmond will have a fight on his hands."

If the black thunder were not sufficient to unnerve Richmond, the jolt from two Roman Catholic diocesan newspapers—the *Catholic News* and the *Tablet*—did. Much like Daughtry, the *Catholic News* bemoaned the legal double standard that protects wealth in this country: "The black community wonders out loud if a black adult attempting to seduce the son of a wealthy white congressman would have had so many friends." What was a sure seat in April looks very shaky in June.

Last week, Bernard Gifford, the former deputy chancellor of the New York City Board of Education and currently the controller and resident scholar of the Russell Sage Foundation, announced his candidacy for Richmond's seat. He says he's out to prove that "the 14th Congressional District seat is not for sale," and that poor people "shouldn't be forced to sell their political independence for a few pieces of silver." In Gifford, Richmond's opponents have found a man they can rally around: bright, attractive, a rising political star at 35. He expects "to wear

out a couple of shoes campaigning in the streets, for I can't match Richmond's budget for advertising." And Gifford intends to stress "economic development" in this campaign rather than "welfare dependency," because "the neo-colonialists [read Richmond] provide the services to perpetuate poverty, but not the mechanisms to get out of it."

For his part, Richmond has almost locked his voice in silence. There is really very little he can say. He can now only point to his record and numbly wonder at his indiscretion. He would allow, however, that to him "politics is the only ball game. When you have made a fortune, you get bored just adding to that fortune. You realize that time is passing quickly. You look for opportunities in which to do some good."

"I have spent more than my share of days on Caribbean beaches, on ski slopes. That part of my life is over. Now I want to make the kinds of contributions that only a politician can make. I want to affect the substance of people's lives. I want to bring hope where there was very little. I will try to keep on doing that."

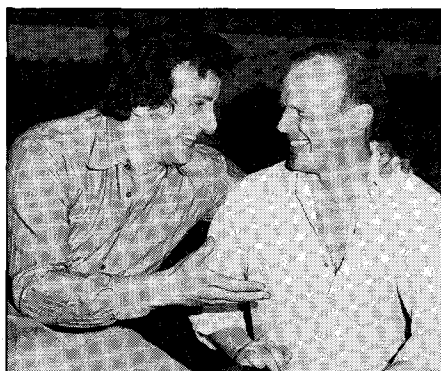
Private polls show Richmond slipping. Earlier this month, the Council of Black Elected Democrats voted to ask for his resignation. And the West Brooklyn Independent Democrats of Brooklyn Heights have already endorsed Gifford. But Richmond still has powerful friends. The King's County Liberal party has endorsed him and Mayor Koch allows that "all the members of Congress whom I know continue to see him as an effective member of the New York delegation, and so I support him. Besides, he is a friend."

Many journalists have called for Richmond's resignation. He was charged with a crime and has been accused of arrogance—of buying Brooklyn. He has been condemned for not bringing more pork-barrel prizes to his district and seen, finally, as one more example of the foul use of money and power in this democracy. But walking through the neighborhoods where his black constituents live, I found apathy, forgiveness, and affection for the man. Nothing like the brimstone denunciations from those who want to be rid of him.

With the frictions and recriminations it has created, the Richmond affair cannot help but postpone the day when blacks will have true political power in that borough. Yet, that day will come. And Fred Richmond will move on. But for now his constituents see him as one man who listened to them when many others would not, and they know, too, that "ingratitude is treason to mankind."

OPENING THIS WEEK

Warren Beatty in *Heaven Can Wait*, opening 6/28 at Loews State II and Tower East.



William Wise and James Ray Weeks in *Just the Immediate Family*, opening June 28th at the Hudson Guild Theater.

Samiha Koura is a harem dancer in *Club Ibis's* new revue (she also owns the club) opening June 27th at 151 E. 50th Street.



MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

June 27 thru July 4

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Man Who Loved Women*.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Different Story*.

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Grease*.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 6/27, *Sisters of the Gion*; *When a Woman Ascends the Stairs*. 6/28, *A Man and a Woman*; *Another Man, Another Chance*. 6/29, *Pigpen*; *Sweet Movie*. 6/30, 7/1, *The Ruling Class*; *Bedazzled*. 7/2, 3, *My Night at Maud's*; *Cousin, Cousine*. 7/4, *Yojimbo*; *The Burmese Harp*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 6/27, *Big Deal on Madonna Street*; *The Lavender Hill Mob*. 6/28, *Heaven Can Wait*; *It's a Wonderful Life*. 6/29, *Don Quixote*, *Alexander Nevsky*. 6/30, *La Dolce Vita*; *The Temptation of Doctor Antonio*. 7/1, *Orpheus*; *The Testament of Orpheus*. 7/2, *Henry V*; *Hamlet*. 7/3, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. 7/4, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*; *The Phantom President*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Bonjour Amour*.

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *A Star Is Born* (Judy Garland).

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 6/27, *Pumping Iron*; *Lifeguard*. 6/28, 29, *The Man Who Loved Women*; *The Best Way*. 6/30, 7/1, *Allegro Non Troppo*; *Fantastic Planet*. 7/2, 3, *Brigadoon*; *The Great Waltz*. 7/4, *Patton*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Servant and Mistress*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Cheap Detective*.

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II*.

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). To be announced.

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). 6/27, 28, *Larceny One*; *The Fortune Cookie*. 6/29, 30, *The Landlord*; *The Hospital*. 7/1, 2, *How I Won the War*; *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. 7/3, 4, *The Knack & How To Get It*; *Lord Love a Duck*.

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). Thru 6/27, *Coming Home*. From 6/28, *Convoy*.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 6/27, *High Anxiety*. From 6/28, *House Calls*; *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*.

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Pretty Baby*.

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 6/27, *High Anxiety*. From 6/28, *Julia*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 6/27, *Coming Home*. From 6/28, *Convoy*.

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2406). Thru 6/27, *The Turning Point*. From 6/28, *The Goodbye Girl*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Cheap Detective*.

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars*.

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Damien-Omen II*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease*.

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Grease*.

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 6/27, *The Greek Tycoon*. From 6/28, *Heaven Can Wait*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 6/27, *The Greek Tycoon*. From 6/28, *Heaven Can Wait*.

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I & II. To be announced. III. *Capricorn One*.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Jaws II*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 7/1, noon, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; 2:30, *Tol'able David*; 5 p.m. *The Seventh Day*. 7/2, noon, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; 2:30, *Stella Dallas*; 5 p.m. *People of the Cumberland and Native Land*. 7/3, noon, *A Berger To Go* and *Ain't City Music*; 2:30, *I Loved You Wednesday*; 6 p.m. *The White Sister*. 7/4, noon, *A Berger To Go* and *Ain't City Music*; 2:30, *A Face in the Crowd*; 6 p.m. *Tol'able David*. 7/6, 2:30, *Over the Hill*; 6 p.m. *Hell Harbor*; 8:30, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. 7/7, 2:30, *The White Sister*; 6 p.m. *A Face in the Crowd*.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Pretty Baby*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 6/27, *High Anxiety*; *The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob*. From 6/28, *House Calls*; *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*.

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 6/27, *High Anxiety*. From 6/28, *House Calls*.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa*.

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety*. II. *F.I.S.T.* III. *The End*. IV. *That Obscure Object of Desire*; *The Lacemaker*.

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *Matilda*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 6/27, *American in Paris*; *Easter Parade*. 6/28-7/1, *The Great Ziegfeld*.

Rivoli, 1620 Bdwy (247-1633). *Capricorn One*.

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Jaws II*. II. *Jaws II*.

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Jaws II*. II. *Jaws II*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *High Anxiety*.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *House Calls*.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 6/27, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. From 6/28, *House Calls*.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Inspector*.

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 6/27, *The Blue Light*; *SOS Iceberg*. 6/28, 29, *It Happened One Night*; *Arsenic & Old Lace*. 6/30, 7/1, *West Side Story*. 7/2, 3, *Wild Strawberries*; *The Magician*. 7/4, theater closed.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 6/27, *Men in White*; *The Secret Six*. 6/28, *Night of the Iguana*; *East Side West Side*. 6/29, *Bittersweet*; *Sweethearts*. 6/30, *The Thin Man*; *Song of the Thin Man*. 7/1, *Bombshell*; *Niagara*. 7/2, *Night After Night*; *Belle of the Nineties*. 7/3, 4, *Sabrina*; *Funny Face*.

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Damien-Omen II*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 6/27, *Capricorn One*. From 6/28, *Convoy*.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The End*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Pretty Baby*.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz*.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Alexander Nevsky—This highly tendentious film about a historic Russian ruler stopping a fierce invasion by Teutonic knights reveals Eisenstein at his most crowd-and-commisars-pleasing; it is deprecated by purists but may be more accessible and enjoyable than any other of the director's films. The battle scenes are justly famous—indeed, they have set the style for all knightly mayhem on screen. Prokofiev's music is one of the great film scores and has, justly, become a concert piece. 6/29, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Bonjour Amour—Story of a first love—all its joys, sorrow, and discoveries, directed by Roger Andrieux, starring Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos. Cinema II.

Capricorn One—Directed by Peter Hyams, film deals with conspiracy involving the U.S. Space Agency. With Elliott Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O.J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook. Rivoli; Loews Triplex; thru 6/27, Trans-Lux East.

Cat and Mouse—Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and

Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris et environs (as the Michelin says) as the playmen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Cheap Detective—Peter Falk portrays an intrepid, fumbling shamus who confronts a parade of disasters beginning with his partner's murder. Co-stars (alphabetically) are Ann-Margret, Eileen Brennan, Sid Caesar, Stockard Channing, James Coco, Dom DeLuise, Louise Fletcher, John Houseman, and others too numerous to mention. Robert Moore directed. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Steven Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. 59th St E; thru 6/27, St Marks Cinema.

Coming Home—Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Greenwich.

Convoy—Ali MacGraw, Kris Kristofferson, and Ernest Borgnine in a film about a truck driver's protest. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Open 6/28 at 86th Street East; Trans-Lux East; Greenwich.

Cousin, Cousine—A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. 7/2, 3, Bleecker St Cinema.

Damien-Omen II—William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sydney. 34th Street East, and Loews Cine.

Dear Inspector—Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscerally cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

A Different Story—The old gay meets gal, gay and gal become roommates (gal is lesbian) story given a surprisingly fresh face by the empathetic acting of Meg Foster and Perry King. But when the sparkle of friendship surrenders to the steam of sex, the film goes rapidly downhill and finally derails. First film by director Paul Aaron. Baronet.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The End—This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners seem more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Quad; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Goodbye Girl—Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. From 6/28, Guild.

F.I.S.T.—Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. Quad.

The Greek Tycoon—This film à clef is bound to disappoint scandal-mongers for its shortage of dirty secrets. The story of Theo Thomas (Anthony Quinn) and the First Lady (Jacqueline Bisset) is like a travelogue of the jet-set world which these two split between them like a game of monopoly. A P.R. version of the affair, but moderately entertaining and even moving. Thru 6/27, Loews Tower East and Loews State II.

Grease—As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema; Loews State I.

Heaven Can Wait—A story about a professional quarterback who is summoned to Heaven before his time, and the subsequent chaos and confusion caused by the error. Directed by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry, starring Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and James Mason. Opens 6/28 at Loews State II & Tower East.

High Anxiety—The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/homage to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Quad; 72nd St E; Embassy 72nd; thru 6/27, Gramercy and Playboy; Olympia.

House Calls—Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. 68th St Playhouse; from 6/28, Embassy 72nd; Olympia; St Marks Cinema; Playboy.

Jaws II—Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? I would say yes, possibly more so depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; Murray Hill; D.W. Griffith.

Julia—Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. From 6/28, Gramercy.

The Lacemaker—Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude (The Invitation and The Wonderful Crook) Gorretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Quad.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste*, either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. From 6/28, Olympia; Embassy 72nd.

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the

sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Madame Rosa—This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, old and puffy whore. Plaza.

A Man and a Woman—One of these fluffy pieces of romantic nonsense that Claude Lelouch has turned out less well recently, but which here works thanks to the marvelous Anouk Aimee and the very good Jean-Louis Trintignant, and the by now hallowed sentimental theme song by Francis Lai. It's all about cars and love, in that order, but nicely photographed and pleasant in its harmless silly way. 6/28, Bleecker Street Cinema.

The Man Who Loved Women—Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Art; 6/28, 29, Cinema Village.

Matilda—Elliot Gould, Robert Mitchum, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, and Karen Carlson are in the cast of a comedy celebrating the misadventures of a boxing kangaroo. Daniel Mann directed. Radio City Music Hall.

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's film is a delight—a literate, perceptive and witty piece of plotting of four lives that intertwine and, with an ironic twist, untangle. 7/2, 3, Bleecker St Cinema.

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Festival; New Yorker; Waverly.

Pumping Iron—A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its reveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. 6/27, Cinema Village.

Servant and Mistress—Inside this film, there's a funny little one dying to get out, but there's little room for humor in this drama of depravity about a servant (Andrea Ferrel) left everything by her rich employer, who then lords it over the disinherited nephew (Victor Lanoux), forcing him to pay for his past liberties with ever greater lessons in servitude. The plot is absurd on the face of it, but the actors themselves are mesmerizing. Columbia II.

Star Wars—George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond 2001. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

The Turning Point—Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Thru 6/27, Guild.

An Unmarried Woman—Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Cinema III.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

The Act—Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Ain't Misbehavin'—Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlene Woodward, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie—*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two—Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St*. Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da—On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'—Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet

through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like interlocking Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap—Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula—Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

SMILING THRU'



Rosemary Prinz and Jack Lemmon in Tribute, Bernard Slade's new play that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and death itself. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Gemini—Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game—A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost

indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease—Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!—A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife—Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. From 7/2, Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century—Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Once in a Lifetime—This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood under underworld. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways—A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and

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AROUND TOWN

neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year—Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!—The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

The Wiz—Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory—Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound*, 6/30-7/23. Tim Kelly's *Frankenstein*, 6/29-7/23. Knott's *Dial M for Murder*, 6/29-7/27. \$3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

All's Well That Ends Well—First of the Shakespeare-in-the-park season. Directed by Wilford Leach, Shakespeare's comedy features Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsey, Pamela Reed, Deborah Rush, Barbara Williams, and Elizabeth Wilson. Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Free, but come early for tickets. From July 5.

American Dance Machine—A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

The Ballroom at St. Patrick's Cathedral—A new play by Louis Phillips about a family of Greek-Americans in Mass. during the final days of World War II. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette (673-2222).

A Bit of Rough—Quentin Vidor and Megan Bango in Gilly Fraser's play. Fri thru Mon thru 7/2, at 8 p.m. \$3. AMDA Studio, Hotel Ansonia, Bdway & 73rd (799-9190).

Bleacher Bums—Baseball comedy in nine innings, with Harold Anderson, Dennis Franz, Roberta Custer, Ian Williams. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Wed mat at 2 & Sun at 3 (247-0393).

Catsplay—Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season, wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefulness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

The Coolest Cat in Town—Music by Diane Leslie, book and lyrics by William Gleason, directed by Frank Garucci, starring Joey Faye. City Center Little Theater, 137 W 55th (246-8997).

Crime on Goat Island—Ugo Betti's classic about justice involving an intruder and three women living on an island. 6/30-7/2. \$2.50. Hartley House Theater, 413 W 46th (246-9872).

Crimes Against Nature—New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m.

AROUND TOWN

Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights—Gertrude Stein's rarely-seen play, directed by Craig Lowy, with music by Leslie Elias. Thru 7/1. Thurs & Fri at 8; Sat, 7/1 at 7:30 & 10 p.m. \$2.50. St. Peter's Church, 336 W 20th (929-2390).

Drama Committee Repertory—GBS's *Man of Destiny*, Wed & Thurs at 8; Sun at 2:30, thru 7/27. *Crane's Way*, Mon thru Thurs at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. thru 7/6. \$3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business—Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but interminably embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks—Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleeker (OR 4-3838).

A Fierce Longing—Play based on the life and works of the Japanese author Yukio Mishima. Wed thru Sat at 7 p.m. thru 7/8. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3652).

The 5th of July—Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. From 7/4, Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Godspell—A revival of the award-winning musical, with songs by Stephen Schwartz, and directed by Michael Pappalardo. Thurs thru Sun, thru 7/16, eve at 7 p.m.; Sat mat at 1 p.m. \$6.50. Foundation Faith Auditorium, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (354-5834).

ZOO KEEPER



Carol Rosenfeld plays the role of a psychiatrist's wife in *I Am a Zoo*, a comedy by Bonnie Zindel, dealing with parents, animals, and second divorces. Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. thru 7/2. \$3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

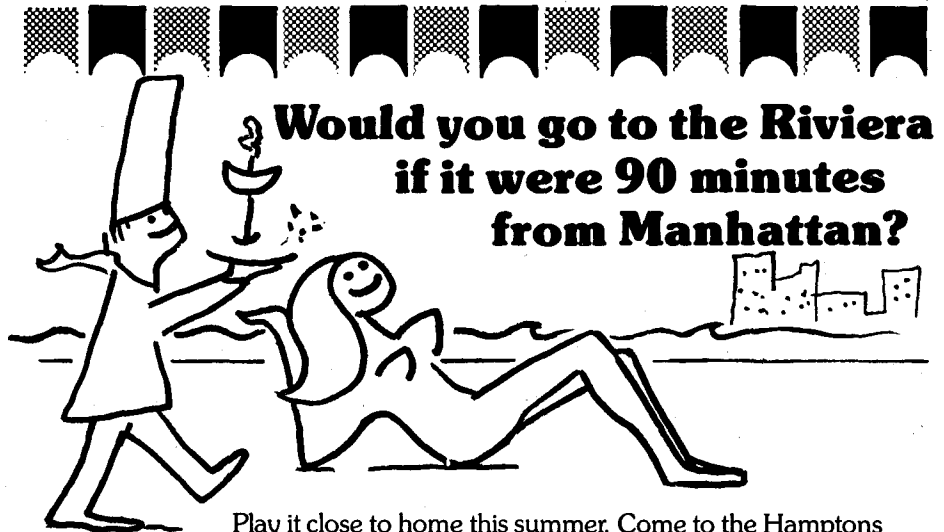
I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road—A new musical with book, music, and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, about a popular singer. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

International Stud—Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 5 & 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Jungle Coup—Richard Nelson's tale of a journalist reporting out of Zaire who gets lost in the jungle. Thru 7/1. \$3. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (564-1235).

Just the Immediate Family—Play by Grace Kimmins, directed by Richard Russell Ramos. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3, from 6/28. \$6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

A Life in the Theater—David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. José Ferrer stars. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).



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A Little Wine With Lunch—Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Lives of the Saints—Barbara Duffy's work. 7/3-6, 10-13 at 10 p.m. Mon thru Thurs. The Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

Man-Wo-Man—Ed Bullins's *Michael*, and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason*. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Free. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Mary Rose—Sir James M. Barrie's ghost story, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. \$4. Lion Theatre, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Mermaids—Deborah Fortson directed this play about women growing up. 6/29-7/16, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Moliere in Spite of Himself—Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must have taken to be stylization, but is mostly palsied delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru July. Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Molly Bloom and the Women of Ireland—Drawn from the works of Joyce, Wilde, O'Casey, Yeats, and traditional Irish song. With Helga Kopperl and Susan Reed, directed by Robert Elston. 6/28, '29, 30, at 8:30 p.m. American Renaissance, 112 Charlton Street (929-4718).

My Cup Ranneth Over—Authored by Robert Patrick, directed by Marilyn Baum, featuring Nancy Snyder and Amy Wright. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. Thru 6/30. \$3. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Passion of Dracula—Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Piano Bar—A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles—Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Price of Genius—A new play by Betty Neustat, based on the life of a 17th century Mexican nun. Susan Stevens has the title role. Directed by Susan Lehman. 6/26-29, 7/6-9, all at 8 p.m. \$3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead—An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

The Show Off—George Kelly's 1920s comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Sing Melancholy Baby—A new play written and directed by Michael Devereaux. \$3. 18th St. Playhouse, 145 West 18th. (242-3900).

Spanish Theater Repertory—Plays by Lorca, Carbalido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

Taudshow—A play for one actor from the life and work of Antonin Artaud, starring Jerry Mayer, directed by John Pynchon Holms. Tues, Wed, Thurs, at 8 p.m. \$3. Little Theater, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

Time—A play, written and directed by Mike Kellin, fashioned out of stories, legends, and experiences he has heard about from convicts. Thurs thru Sun at

8 p.m. 6/29-7/2. Symphony Space, Bdway at 95th (864-9618).

Until The Real Thing Comes Along—A sentimental hour of comedy, written by and starring Phil Stein and Mike Badalucco. 6/28-7/9, Wed-Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 8 p.m. \$3. Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (691-2272).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Wings—Arthur Kopit's new play, with Constance Cummings in the lead role of a woman suffering from a stroke. Directed by John Madden. Thru 7/2. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Women of No Importance—Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. \$3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause—40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's—44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library—6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça—403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star—1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette—890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri entertains every Tues thru Sat. Mondays, Trudy Richards Moreau, once Charlie Barnett's vocalist, sings with sparkle and wit (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid—48th St & Lex. Spanish revue, "Latinísima," Mon thru Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis—151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip—1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. 6/29, 30, 7/1, Al Lambert at 10 and midnight. Dancing in the lounge nightly (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco—10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club—666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. 6/28-7/10, Earl "Fatha" Hines and his trio, with vocalist Marva Josie. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfield's—1118 First Ave. 6/26-7/1, singer Ernie Massarotti, singer-actress-dancer Theresa Saldana, and comedian Chuck Sacchi (593-1650).

Dionysos—304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Improvisation—358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails—1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove—325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

Playboy Club—5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 7/1, rhythm and blues singer Al Wilson. 7/3-15, jazz singer Dakota Stanton in Laine's Room. In the Cabaret, 6/30-7/2, comedian Joe Restivo (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. From 6/27, *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorusboys, directed by Peter Jackson. (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections—40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge—309 E 83rd—Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte—137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland—239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (CI 7-0200).

Shepherd's—Park Ave & 56th. The Sheffields entertain three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi—151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco—29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club—112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. The Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches—190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock**: Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe**: Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums. **Belmians Bar**: Jazz pianist Marian McPartland is here for her sixth season & continues thru 6/30.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe**: Thru 7/1, the Bernie Leighton Trio for listening and dancing, Tues thru Sat, 9 to 12:30. From 7/4 thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room**: Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**: Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room**: Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800).
Le Petit Restaurant: Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole**: Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge**: Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano. Mon thru Fri, and Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

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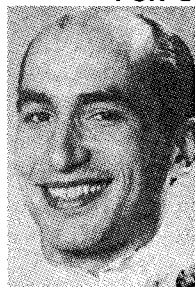
Call for latest information as to when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley—77 Greene St. 6/27-7/1, Rashied Ali Quintet. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly—16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

POR SUPUESTO



Singer **Tony Azito** opens a two-week engagement at **The Ballroom** in Soho, 458 West Broadway, from June 27th through July 8th, with two shows nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. His cabaret act includes songs from the 20's, 30's, and 40's accompanied by piano, bass, and drums. Call 473-9367 for reservations.

Barbara's—78 West 3rd St. 6/30 & 7/1, the Bill Hardman Quartet featuring Junior Cook; 7/7 & 8, saxist Gerard Badini and the "Swing Machine" (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's—12th St & Fifth. Jill McManus Duo, 6/28-7/1 (675-4720).

Benihana Palace—15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line—15 W 4th. 6/27, Flo & Eddie. 6/28, 29, Paul Winter (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny—Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern—165 W 56th. Singer Bobbi Baird is now on hand. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins continues here from 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens—64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse—1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's—144 W 54th. This is the city's bastion for traditional jazz. The house band is led by clubowner-bassist Red Balaban and includes the majestic veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson. Thru 7/3, trumpeter Bill Davison is the guest (265-8277).

The Cookery—University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, sings Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander—314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer

Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy—45th & Vanderbilt. Thru 6/30, Red Richards performs at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

Fortune Garden—1160 Third at 37th. Chinese restaurant-club with Hungarian-born pianist, John Kuna, mixing a czardas beat with his popular melodies, thru 7/8, Mon thru Fri 5-9 p.m. and Sat 5-7 p.m. (744-1212).

Grand Finale II—210 W 70th. Thru 6/29, Dalton Cathey, Ruth Franklin, and Gypsy entertain twice nightly, Mon thru Sat, at 9:30 & 11:30 (759-3303).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed thru Sun) and virtuosos bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Hopper's—6th Ave. at 11th St. Al Cohn, jazz tenor saxist, and his quartet, 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania Society—14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Marty's—1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub—Irene Kral, a singer with exemplary taste who is attracting a growing coterie of admirers, will be performing with a rhythm section thru 7/1, thrice nightly from 9:15 p.m. 7/4-15, Jonathan Schwartz sings the songs of his father Arthur Schwartz, thrice nightly from 9:15 (PL 8-2272).

Oliver's—141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

O'Lunney's—915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's—160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Babba Mota perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End—149 Bleecker St. 6/29-7/3, George Thorogood and the Destroyers, and comedian Ron Crick (573-7030).

The Priory—224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Reno Sweeney—126 W 13th. 6/27-7/8, singer Helen Forrest, she of the Benny Goodman Orchestra and still an ingratiating interpreter of good pop songs, backed by a jazz trio, nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun. Dolly Dawn here 5:30-7 p.m. Tues thru Sat (691-0900).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil—88 7th Ave So. 6/27-7/1, Ron Carter Quartet. 7/2, 3, Sonelius Smith Quartet. 7/4-8, Bob Brookmeyer quartet (242-1785).

Top of the Gate—Bleeker at Thompson. Thru 7/3, jazz pianist and singer Memphis Slim. Performances from 10:30 p.m. til 3 a.m. No performance 6/26. Excellent food and drink (GR 5-5120).

Tramps—125 E 15th. Stormin' Norman and Susan, 6/30, 7/1. Ellen Kingsley, 6/28, 29. (260-0370).

Le Vert-Galant—109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district; Marcy Morton sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

Village Gate—160 Bleecker. Richiardi and his "Incredible World of Magic and Illusion," with five other magicians (473-7270).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
 EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 60th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; 6/28 at 11:15 & 2:15, 6/29-7/1 at 2:15 & 7:30, 7/2 at 1 & 4, 7/3-4 at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). 6/28 at 2 & 7, 6/29-30 at 7, 7/1 at 2, 7 & 10, 7/2 at 2 & 5, 7/4 at 8.

All-American Dance Marathon: A dancing party in the streets of lower Manhattan—Chase Manhattan Plaza, Jeanette Park, William & Beaver Sts., Federal Hall, and Battery Park—July 4 from 2 to 6 p.m. (269-0320).

Concerts

Tuesday, June 27

Newport Jazz Festival: Salsa en la Calle on the Jazzmobile, Avenue D at E 10th St., at 7; **Salute to the American Song**, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **Maynard Ferguson & His Orchestra/Stan Getz Quintet**, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8 (787-2020).

Arnie Lawrence, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Scott Hamilton, jazz, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Nat Horne Musical Theater, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Nurit Tilles, piano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Salute to Women in Jazz, Casablanca, Bdwy at 52nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

Roswell Rudd/Hannibal Peterson, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Richmond Terrace Sr. Center, 71 Jersey St., S.I. (784-3812), at 1.

Wednesday, June 28

Newport Jazz Festival: Salsa en la Calle on the Jazzmobile, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St., at 7; **McCoy Tyner/Bill Evans/Mary Lou William/Philip Catherine/Larry Coryell**, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **George Duke Band/Flora Purim/Airto**, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8 (787-2020).

Dick Hyman, Exxon Park, 49th St. between Sixth & Seventh Aves. (582-2424), at 4:30.

Sun Ra & His Arkestra, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.

Summer Sings: Village Singers, NYU Catholic Center, 58 Washington Sq. South (254-9703), at 7:30.

Nat Horne Musical Theater, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Salute to Women in Jazz, Casablanca, Bdwy at 52nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

Taksim, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Folk Music, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020), at 7:45.

L. Shankar, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Thursday, June 29

Newport Jazz Festival: The New Dave Brubeck Quartet/Gerry Mulligan Quintet, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **Buddy Rich & His Orchestra/Mel Torme/Stan Getz**, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8 (787-2020).

Nat Horne Musical Theater, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Good Vibes, barbershop quartet, Grace Plaza, 1114 Sixth Ave. (582-2424), at 12:30.

Chamber Ensemble, St. Paul's Chapel, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:10.

Edison Machado & Boa Nova, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Salute to Women in Jazz, Casablanca, Bdwy at 52nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

Sun Ra & His Arkestra, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.

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AROUND TOWN

Bluegrass Cardinals, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (427-1488), at 8.

Friday, June 30

Newport Jazz Festival: Jazz for the Young at Heart with **Eubie Blake & Alberta Hunter**, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl., at 2; **Chick Corea Orchestra & Woody Herman Orchestra/Herbie Hancock**, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30; **Film Salute to Newport Jazz Festival**, Loeb Center, at 8; **Brazilian Nights with Joao Gilberto, Stan Getz & Charlie Byrd Trio**, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **World of Sam Rivers**, Carnegie Hall, at midnight.

Sun Ra & His Arkestra, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.

Garrett List & A-1 Art Band, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Karen Borca, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Sea Chanteys, South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020), at 7:30.

Nat Horne Musical Theater, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Student Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 6.

Slide Hampton, jazz, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Saturday, July 1

Newport Jazz Festival: Boat Ride on the Staten Island Ferry, with Jonah Jones Quintet & World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson & Bob Haggart, at 10:30 A.M.; **Tribute to Lionel Hampton**, Carnegie Hall, at 8; **Stan Kenton & His Orchestra & The L.A. 4**, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8 (787-2020).

David Murray Big Band, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8 & 10:30.

Garrett List & A-1 Art Band, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Dane Belany, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Andy Gibb, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Boys Choir of the Resurrection, St. John's Church, 209 W 30th St. (564-9070), at 2.

Sunday, July 2

Newport Jazz Festival: 52nd St. Jazz Fair, between Fifth & Seventh Aves., noon to 5.

David Murray Big Band, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8 & 10:30.

Gordon Lightfoot & Kate Taylor, Jones Beach Theater (516-221-1000), at 8.

Arnie Lawrence, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Clinton Towers Assoc., Prospect Ave. at 178th St., Bronx (784-3812), at 7:30.

Monday, July 3

Karen Calabro, soprano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Washington Square Park (784-3812), at 2:30.

Tuesday, July 4

Robb Goldstein, songs of the American Revolution, Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776), at 2.

Carillon Recital, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 2.

An American Dream Revisited, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0818), at 4.

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste*, 6/28 at 2 & 8:30, 6/29-30 at 8:30, 7/1 at 4 & 8:30, 7/2 at 4.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 6/27 at 8: *Jewels*. Wed, 6/28 at 8: *In the Night; Concerto Barocco; Kammermusik No. 2; Firebird*. Thurs, 6/29 at 8: *Jewels*. Fri, 6/30 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; Symphony in C*. Sat, 7/1 at 2:

AROUND TOWN

Divertimento No. 15; In the Night; Vienna Waltzes. Sat, 7/1 at 8: *Square Dance; Kammermusik No. 2; Vienna Waltzes.* Sun, 7/2 at 1: *Concerto Barocco; Ivesiana; Tricolore.* Sun, 7/2 at 7: *Entente Cordiale; Stars and Stripes; Tricolore; Union Jack.*

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Tues, 6/27 at 8: *Diversion of Angles*; new work; *Appalachian Spring; Night Journey.* Wed, 6/28 at 2: *Flute of Pan; Errand Into the Maze; The Owl and the Pussycat; Diversion of Angels.* Wed, 6/28 at 8: *Flute of Pan; On Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing; Lamentation; Diversion of Angels; Major Revival.* Thurs, 6/29 at 8: *Clytemnestra.* Fri, 6/30 at 8: *Diversion of Angels*; new work; *The Owl and the Pussycat; Night Journey.* Sat, 7/1 at 2: *Appalachian Spring; Errand Into the Maze; Oh Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing; Night Journey.*

OTHER

Battery, Jeanette Park, 55 Water St. (825-0747), 6/27-7/1 at noon.

Choreographers Showcase, ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 6/27 at 8.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929); Katherine Liepe & Vic Stornant, 6/28 & 30 at 8, 7/1 at 2; Saeko Ichinohe & Co., 6/29 & 7/1 at 8, 7/2 at 2.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.

Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Lee Adler**—Machine-inspired paintings and prints from the 70s, thru 7/21 Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Hannelore Baron—Collages and wooden constructions, thru 7/1 Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Jean-Pierre Cassigneul—Elegant oils, thru 7/1 Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

Jack Earl—Small porcelain figures, thru 6/30. Fortnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Mary Frank**—Shadow papers sculpted with scissors and a razor/Sculpture by Marini, Nadelman, Nevelson, and Noguchi, thru 7/1. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

Freidrich Meckseper—Prints of otherworldly still lifes, self-portraits from 1958 to 1978, thru 6/30. Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E 57th (688-8522).

Yoshikazu Ogino—Slit and painted paper, thru 6/29. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

James Rizzi—Collage-like colored etchings and drawings, thru 6/30. Summers, 50 W 57th (541-8334). Tues-Fri 10-5.

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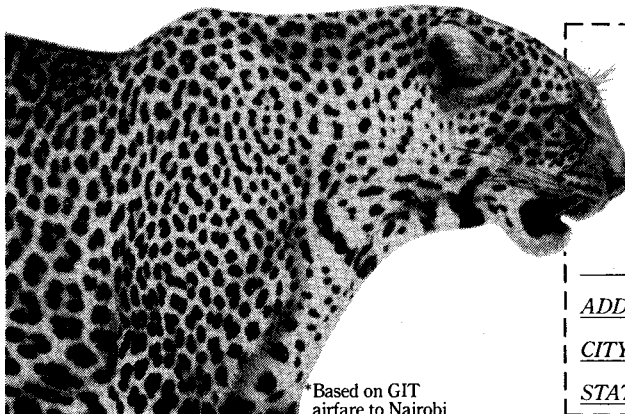
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AROUND TOWN

***H.C. Westermann**—New, intensely colorful watercol-
 ors, posters, and sculptures. Coincides with Whitney
 retrospective, thru 6/30. Frumkin, 50 W 57 (757-
 6655). Mon-Fri 10-6.

Whanki (1913-1974)—Paintings and watercolors, thru
 6/30. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri
 10-5:30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Dennis Miller Bunker—Rediscovered through loans,
 thru 6/30. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).
 Mon-Fri 10-5.

***Edgar Buonagurio**—Multi-dimensional, densely
 packed abstractions with highly polished surfaces,
 thru 7/1. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

***A.M. Cassandre**—Posters (from 1923 to 1939), thru
 6/27. Reinhold-Brown, 26 E 78th (734-7999).

Jean Davidson—Color-form abstractions, thru 6/28.
 Galerías Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

Tom Dubicanac—Ecological and socio-cultural col-
 lages, thru 7/22. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).
 Tues-Sat 12-5.

Mark Krieger—Rich tonal variations in watercolor,
 paint, and silver points, thru 6/30. Touchstone, 118
 E 64th (826-6111).

Margarita Lozano—Pastels, thru 6/30. Aberbach, 988
 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Yoshikazu Ogino—Reductive abstractions of cosmic
 space, thru 6/29. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Self-portraits in paintings,
 drawings, and watercolors, thru 8/31. Sabarsky,
 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

***Utamaro** (1753-1806)—Woodblock prints, drawings,
 and illustrated books. Nature studies, domestic
 scenes, and the courtesans, thru 6/30. Ronin, 605
 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.

Alexander Walsh—First NYC showing, thru 6/30.
 Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

SoHo

Majorie Foy/June Rowe—Male nudes in black-and-
 white photos/Etchings, thru 6/30. La Fronde, 605
 Hudson (242-9788). Tues-Thurs 5-7, Fri-Sun 1-4.

Luis Frangella/Sue Frecon/Russell Sharon—Percep-
 tual drawings/Multi-canvas oils and notes/Clay
 bells, thru 6/30. Space, 82 Duane (233-1916).

Vaino Kola—Drawings and prints, some of rocks, thru
 7/2. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Karen Lewis—Large scale oils assimilating snapshots,
 thru 7/2. Pindar, 127 Greene (533-4881). Wed-Sun
 12-6.

Trudy Solin—Acrylic dream abstractions, thru 7/2.
 Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).

Richard Zelens—An environment, thru 6/29. 112
 Greene (226-8971).

OTHER

Maude Boltz—Large, painted fabric sculpture, thru 6/
 30. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri
 9-6.

Lily Ente—Black and white marble sculpture and
 drawings, thru 6/30. NYU, Loeb Center, Washington
 Square (598-2027).

Jacques Hnizdovsky/Barbara Morgan—Flowers,
 trees, animals in woodcuts, paintings, and drawings/
 Martha Graham dancers in photos from 1941, thru
 6/30. St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam (678-
 6923). Daily 7-6.

Lila Katzen—Steel outdoor sculpture and collage
 drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-
 9439).

Philip Pearlstein—Recent prints of the nude/Graphic
 portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others,
 thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).
 Tues-Fri 11-5.

Stuart Whyte—Pen and ink sketches of Central Park,
 and photos, thru 6/30. Arsenal, 5th Ave at 64th
 (873-5221). Mon-Fri 9-4:45.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Alonzo—30 W 57th (586-2500). Tues-Fri 10:30-5. Still
 lifes by Gilbert, Lazar, Martin, others, thru 6/30.

***de Nagy**—29 W 57th (421-3780). Shape and field in
 abstractions by Mueller, Purcell, Saito, and Youkilis,
 thru 7/13.

Eric—61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-
 5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall—50 W 57th (581-2724). Graphics by Dine,
 Rauschenberg, Ruscha, others, thru 6/30.

Jackson—52 E 57th (PL5-6778). "Drawings" using
 watercolor, fabric, acrylic, by Daugherty, Giordano,
 others, thru 6/30.

Kornblee—20 W 57th (586-1178). Different ap-
 proaches to scale by Gnoli, Hollweg, Kurt, others,
 thru 7/14.

Long—7 W 57th (752-6244). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bannard,
 Dzubas, Motherwell, Noland, others, thru 6/30.

Sachs—29 W 57th (421-8686). Boothe, Ferren, Kuehn,
 Pace, others, thru 6/30.

Sande—61 E 57th (688-1904). Gallery artists, thru 8/
 30.

Truman—38 E 57th (688-3516). Attitudes about art in
 the works of Christo, Hackin, Tuttle, Wagner, others,
 thru 7/20.

Viridian—24 W 57th (245-2882). Painting, sculpture,
 prints, and photos, thru 6/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella—18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri Works by
 J. Dinerstein Girling, Ross, Slone, and Youkilis, thru
 7/23.

American Indian Community House—10 E 38th (532-
 4897). Hopi and Navajo crafts, thru 6/30.

Atelier International—595 Mad Ave (644-0400). Daily
 9-5. Furniture as art, including designs of Le Cor-
 busier, Mackintosh, and Rietveld, plus tapestries,
 thru 6/30.

Blackburn—110 W 30th (868-7459). Small pewter
 works by Mingo, a granite floor piece by Stark,
 others, thru 7/15.

Christopher—766 Mad (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli,
 Shawe, others, thru 6/30.

Elkon—1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Mon-Fri 10-5:45.
 Arnoldi, Buckley, Delap, Ridenhour, Roth, and Wes-
 ley, thru 7/14.

FAR—22 E 80th (734-7287). Paintings by Leipzig, S.
 Pearlstein, Sherr, others, thru 6/30.

Forum—1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.
 Still-life painters, thru 7/31.

***L'ibis**—667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded
 masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from
 Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Ingber—3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by
 Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies—8 W
 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Projects,
 sets, and arcades by Cook and Herron, thru 7/20.

***Knoodler**—19 E 70th (988-1304). Treasures of Mex-
 ico, thru 7/22.

***Nicholls**—1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Mon-Fri 11-5.
 Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs
 of food and drink by Addams, Arno, Booth, Modell,
 Stevenson; others, thru 7/15.

O'Reilly—35 E 67th (988-4370). Recent abstractions
 by Brandes and Drapell, plus etchings by Grooms,
 thru 6/30.

Rolly-Michaux—943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Selected
 lithos and etchings by Appel, Calder, Dali, Delau-
 nay, and Vasarely, thru 7/1.

***Shepherd**—21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century En-
 glish paintings, drawings, watercolors, thru 6/30.

Waldman—231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Sat 9:30-6.
 Antique and contemporary art and sculpture from
 India, thru 6/30.

Willard—29 E 72nd (744-2925). Chatelain, Lane, Sugi-
 ura, others, thru 6/30.

SoHo

Boone—420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Works by members,
 thru 6/30.

Braunstein/Quay—139 Spring (925-1200). Sculpture,
 drawings, and paintings by 3 Californians, thru 7/1.

***Caldwell**—383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Monochromatic
 abstractions, thru 7/8.

Common Ground—Spring (734-3111). South American
 festival costumes and masks, naive paintings, and
 Asian textiles, thru 7/8.

***14 Sculptors**—75 Thompson (966-5790). Works in
 stone, wood, plastic, metals, mixed media, and
 drawings by Borg, Schneider, Steinman, others, thru
 6/28.

OK Harris—383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Tues-Sat 12-5.
 Summer invitational with Applebaum, Feigenbaum,
 Velenta, others, thru 7/15.

***Hoffman**—429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Drawings by
 seven Frenchmen and clay masks by Ethical Cul-
 ture School students, thru 7/12.

Lohman—55 Wooster (966-7173). Flinsch, Hoff,
 Kuzma, others, thru 7/1.

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JUNE 28th**

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Long Island

PACIFIC'S VALLEY STREAM

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New Jersey

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Gin & Tonic: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.



Gin Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.



Tom Collins: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice in highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



Salty Dog: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.



Rickey: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.



Daisy: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.



Ginade: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.



Belmont: ½ oz. each



sweet vermouth, brandy, gin. Fill with gin. Add lemon peel twist.



Pink Gin: Sprinkle several drops



bitters into empty on-the-rocks



bitters around the glass, remove



ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's



Gin & Cola: 1½ ozs. Gordon's



glass over ice cubes. Fill with



of lime.



Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's



glass filled with ice. Twist



lemon peel. Pour on ginger



TV Special: 1½ ozs. each

orange juice over ice cubes. Fill glass with ginger ale.



Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.



Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.



Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.



Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.



Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.



Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.



Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.



Between the Sheets: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, brandy, Cointreau. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain into cocktail glass.



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AROUND TOWN

Milliken—141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

Neill—136 Greene (925-8633). Works on paper by Absatz, Cristofaro, Pullen, others, plus sculpture by Simonis, thru 7/15.

Soho Center—114 Prince (226-1995). Amann, Colman, Gaetano, others, thru 7/30.

Soho 20—99 Spring (226-4167). An invitational of women doing fabric sculpture, paintings, and graphics, thru 6/28.

Sperone Westwater Fischer—142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

Spring Street Enamels—171 Spring (431-8151). Enamels by students, thru 6/30.

Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Clears, Firshein, Hauptman, and townscapes by Lis, thru 7/13.

OTHER

***Astor**—Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**—680 Park Ave (249-8950). Mon-Fri 12-6. Latin American artists in NYC, including Downey's videos and Urbach's explorative photos, thru 7/28.

Department of Correction—100 Centre (374-4440). Works by inmates and independent artists, thru 6/30.

F.I.T.—7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Glassmasters—621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). 3-D stained-glass pieces, thru 7/15.

***NY Public Library**—5th Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *Religion in New Amsterdam*: books, letters, documents, maps, and prints of the first Old World faiths to come to NYC, thru 6/28.

Noho—542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Members, including Beauchamp, Horowitz, Palermo, Yost, others, thru 7/30.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame—One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Spanish Institute—685 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6. Contemporary artists from Seville, thru 6/30.

Studio 53—424 Park Ave (755-6650). Oils and graphics by Boulanger, Rockwell, and Simbari, thru 6/30.

Studio 264—264 W 40th (354-4378). Tues-Sat 1-6. Paintings, pastels, sculpture, lithos by Ciucca, Gebhard, others, thru 6/29.

Weyhe—794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478). Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Mexican graphics by Orozco, Rivera, thru 6/30.

World Trade Center—U.S. Customs Service (247-5340). Mon-Fri 8:30-4. Antique American flags and memorabilia, thru 7/24.

Photography

***James Abbe**—Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

***Ansel Adams**—The early years, thru 6/30. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Jude Berman—Photographic visions using graphic techniques, thru 6/30. Images, 565 5th Ave (867-4747). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Fredrich Cantor/Jean Philippe Jourdrin—Complex ambiguities out of human existence/Photos, thru 7/8. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Marty Fumo—Manipulated, surreal images, thru 7/14. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Geoffrey Gove—Color transformations, thru 6/30. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Howard Gross—A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 7/6. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Henry Street Settlement—466 Grand (766-9345). Mon-Fri 3-7, Sat 11-7. People working in NYC, thru 6/30.

***Kodak**—1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica*, thru 7/21.

Light—724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, 6/28-8/31.

James Marshall—People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

AROUND TOWN

Neikrug—224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. Erotic studies by Fox, Mapplethorpe, Tress, Webb, Weegee, others, thru 7/29.

***Pfeiffer**—825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

***Prakapas**—19 E 71st (737-6066). Vintage views of the sidewalks of NYC, thru 6/30.

Soho/Stieglitz—34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6. Tues 7-9. Light passage by Brin, India by King, the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, and montages by Rizzuto, thru 6/27.

Janna Spark—Details of daily life, thru 7/7. Marcoleo, 1295 1st Ave (UN-1-7600). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-4.

***Ted Spiegel**—Color views of the Hudson River, thru 7/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 97th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces*: The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding*; thru 7/16. *Rails of the World*: Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16.

Asia House—112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, 6/29-8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by Bronx artists; thru 7/9.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Prints by West Coast artists; thru 7/16.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages*: Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water*: Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection*: Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Attilio Saleme—Inhabitant of a Dream*: A retrospective consisting of 50 oils; thru 7/4. *Alberto Burri*: A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Photographic Crossroads*: The first retrospective of the Photo League; thru 7/9. *Pierre Boogaerts*: A synthesis of conceptual art and documentary photography; thru 7/9.

Japan House—333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, thru 7/14.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *The Arts Under Napoleon*: Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Vanity Fair*: A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz*: Fifty pioneers of modern photography; thru 7/16. *Polish Arms & Armor*; indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism*: Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger*: His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures*: Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950*: Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature. *H.M.S. Pinafore*: Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30. *Resurgimiento*: Paintings and

sculptures from Puerto Rican and Latin American artists living in New York; thru 6/30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America*: Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion*: The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Great American Foot*: Celebrating the foot and its diverse images in our culture; thru 6/30.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years*: Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera*: Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings*: The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund*; 6/30 thru 9/10. *Designed For Film*: Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Mexican Art*: Engravings, prints, paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/29. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing*: Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4. The museum's Summergarden is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

National Black American Historical Museum, 107 W 116th St. (864-9164). Tues-Sun 11-7.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *New Work/New York*: Works by Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, Jeff Way; thru 7/8.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids*: Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator*: An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here*: A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art*: Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail*: A recreation of 19th century South Street; 6/30 thru 9/4.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Beauford Delaney; thru 7/2.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective*: Drawings, watercolors, collages spanning more than 30 years; thru 7/9. *H.C. Westermann*: A retrospective of drawings and sculptures; thru 7/16. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid*: Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 7/23. *American Art From 1950 to the Present*; thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown**, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *cARToons*: Demonstrating the cartoon's particular suitability for satirical comment; thru 7/5.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Boston Red Sox, 6/26-27 at 8; vs. Detroit Tigers, 6/30 at 8, 7/1 at 2, 7/2 at 1.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Philadelphia Phillies, 7/3 at 8, 7/4 at 5:35.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Los Angeles Aztecs, 6/28 at 8:45; vs. California Surf, 7/2 at 7:30.

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Chariots of the Insurance Salesmen

By Ron Rosenbaum

The secret of "Sex Transmutation." Psychic energy from the mystic council of Cosmic Guardians. "Internal bathing." The Five Clay Tablets inscribed with the wisdom of Dabasil, the camel trader of Babylon. Master Mind communion with the Infinite Intelligence.

What is all this gibberish? A catalog of demented counterculture catchphrases? Some parody of hippy-dippy Von Daniken lore?

Far from it. These are just a sampling of the weird doctrines and occult rituals that spellbind the millions of mainstream, conventional Middle Americans who are part of the strange subculture of success-secret seekers and get-rich-quick dreamers.

You've seen the ads for the swamis of this subculture skulking in the back pages of magazines amid come-ons for sensual black satin sheets and the mystic secrets of the Rosicrucians. "Secrets of the Money Masters Revealed," the ads say. "I earned \$35,000 in one day at home in bed with the flu," they proclaim. "Who else wants to get in on this Bonanza of Fast Capital Buildup?" they ask.

Perhaps you've been curious about these ads, even tempted to send away for one of the offers. Just for laughs, of course. But you're slightly embarrassed about what the postman might think if your copy of *The Money-Master's Manual* doesn't arrive in a plain brown wrapper. And besides, as a sophisticated New Yorker it's hard for you to imagine there could be anything to these success schemes. You feel confident that Felix Rohatyn didn't get his start by clipping one of these coupons. Certainly such appeals are unfashionable now in an age which believes in the subtleties of the corporate game player. The rhetoric of these get-rich-quick ads seems a throw-back to the cruder entrepreneurial frenzies of an earlier America. And yet . . .

Just this spring, the Yale alumni magazine devoted an entire special issue to the crisis of contemporary capitalism. The concerned contributors bemoaned the loss of faith in the entrepreneurial ideal that had once been at the heart of the American system.

If only the distinguished contributors to the symposium on capitalism had—as I have—sent away for *The Money-Master's Manual*, with its amazing Plan 360 A. If only they'd carefully read through *The Millionaire Book of Successful Little Businesses*, with its advice on how to cash in on selling elephant garlic and bronzed baby booties. If only they'd met Joe Karbo, author of *The Lazy Man's Way to Riches*, and taken a ride in his Rolls-Royce. If only they'd read

"... Capitalism has become a mystery cult. The spiritualism of the East is used to get the cash of the West . . ."



Roman Reports, a strange and wonderful digest of each and every one of the nearly 300 get-rich-quick-scheme offers being peddled in print; if only they'd read the "Towers Club" newsletter, a kind of lonely-hearts pen-pal club for impassioned success-secret seekers, they might have a different perspective on the vigor of the capitalist dream.

I have and I do: These get-rich-quick dreamers are the last capitalists.

For some years, I've been sending away for this stuff. I've got cartons full of it. I've made a pilgrimage to the Pacific Ocean villa where Joe Karbo, the guru of *The Lazy Man's Way to Riches*, took me for a drive in his Rolls-Royce to prove he was Genuinely Rich. I've studied the whole literature of the subculture, the sacred and esoteric texts that date back to the Golden Age of Get Rich in the 1920s, to ancient Babylon, biblical Bethlehem, and perhaps even to insurance salesmen from another galaxy. My name is now on all the mailing lists. I get letters from Taiwan offering to set me up in the jewelry business, ads for books like *Health Secrets From the Orient* and *The Miracle of Universal Psychic Power: How to Pyramid Your Way to Prosperity*.

What I've discovered is that, just as the old Roman mystery cults continued to flourish for centuries after the Emperor Constantine made Christianity the state religion of Rome, so too does fervent faith in capitalism survive the official reign of American state bureaucracy. Only now, capitalist individualism has become a mystery cult. The essential element in almost every success-secret program I've studied is capitalist voodoo—the use of mystical, occult techniques, "long-lost secrets of the ancients," and such: the conversion of the whole repertoire of spiritual techniques of the East to help accumulate the cash of the West.

The origins of this Gnostic mystical capitalism can be traced back beyond



Success swami: Joe Karbo began pitching freezer plans on all-night TV, finally made his fortune selling self-hypnosis, money meditations, and such other occult techniques as "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Emersonian transcendentalism; its consequences are as contemporary as Werner Erhard's est and Jimmy Carter's smile. Let me take you on a guided tour.

The Hill Theory of Sex Transmutation

No author in the inspirational-greed book business is more universally revered—even by competitors—than the late Napoleon Hill, author of the single most influential success-secret book, *Think and Grow Rich*. Among the millions of enthusiastic readers influenced by Hill's book was a young insurance salesman named Jack Rosenberg, who later thought he ought to change his name to Werner Erhard and grew rich with his own amalgam of East and West called est. If the young Werner has followed his guru Hill faithfully, no small part of the success of est must be attributed to Napoleon Hill's secret of sex transmutation. Napoleon Hill is the D. H. Lawrence of success theorists, fusing elements of Western sexual hydraulics with what seems like the Tantric influences from the East.

"Sex Transmutation" is not some bizarre new Danish operation; it's a scientific principle Hill claims he discovered in the course of twenty years of research into the sex lives and careers "of over 25,000 people." The fruits of this stimulating research have been codified by Hill into several general and specific theories of sex, beginning with the "three constructive potentialities" of sex.

The third purpose of sex, says Hill,

is its use of sexual desire as "a driving force" which, "when harnessed and transmuted . . . is capable of lifting men into that higher sphere of thought which enables them to master the sources of worry and petty annoyance which beset their pathway on the lower plane."

Untransmuted desire can be dangerous, Hill warns: "A sex-mad man is not essentially different from a dope-mad man." But desire diverted from carnal coupling and *harnessed* to such things on the Higher Plane as selling insurance can be the secret of making big bucks fast: "Master salesmen attain the status of mastery in selling because they . . . transmute the energy of sex into sales enthusiasm! . . . The salesman who knows how to take his mind off the subject of sex, and direct it in sales effort with as much enthusiasm and determination as he would apply to its original purpose, has acquired the art of sex transmutation."

Hill is not too explicit on how a salesman sets out to transmute the lust in his heart to the sales-producing smile on his face. Instead, he returns to his twenty years' research and offers us the names of the thirteen greatest sex transmuters in history. Each of them, says Hill, "was known to have been of a highly sexed nature. The genius which was theirs undoubtedly found its source of power in transmuted sex energy."

Here they are, Hill's hit parade of heavy sex transmuters: George Washington, William Shakespeare, Abe Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Burns, Thomas Jefferson, Elbert Hubbard, Elbert H. Gary, Woodrow Wilson,

John H. Patterson, Andrew Jackson, Enrico Caruso, and Napoleon.

Now the question that leaps to mind is what exactly did Shakespeare, Lincoln, and Elbert H. Gary *do* (or not do) to achieve their superb transmutations?

There are hints. Hill talks of damming a river in one place so that it will flow into another channel. In this new channel the transmuted desire will "'step up' the mind," get it "'keyed up' to high rates of vibrations." In his chapter on sex transmutation, Hill goes on at length to explain how the "highly sexed" transmutee/salesman can use his "keyed up" animal magnetism to mesmerize the prospective customer into opening up his wallet. The legendary horniness of the traveling salesman may have less to do with the charms of farmers' daughters than with the state of his sex transmutation. The sale, of course, is an attempted seduction, the last refuge of the erotic tension of courtship in America, the patter of the seller the most impassioned love poetry we have.

Reading success-secret literature, it's impossible not to recall the nineteenth-century English pornography Steven Marcus analyzed in *The Other Victorians*, a study of the underside of the official sexual ethic of that time. Marcus points out that throughout that literature metaphors of commerce are regularly sexualized: Ejaculations are "spendings," for instance. But in the literature of the success-secret gurus—the underside of the official American success ethic—the opposite happens, and the transactions of commerce become sexualized. In the "pornotopia" of the "other Victorians" everything in

the world is aroused and ready to "spend," while in the blissful vision of success-secret literature—"Greedonia," let's call it—the world of sexuality exists to "spend" wealth into your hands, breed it in your pockets, if you know the secret of sex transmutation.

A Visit With a "Genuinely Rich" Success Guru

We could continue to explore some of the weirdnesses of Napoleon Hill's world. I could tell you about his belief in the necessity of enemas (or "internal bathing" to avoid "autointoxication," as he phrases it) to any good success program, but it's time to move on and pay a visit to one of the up-and-coming new breed of success gurus following in Hill's wake—Joe Karbo, author of *The Lazy Man's Way to Riches*.

It was Joe Karbo's ad that first lured me into the world of success-secret gurus. Not the ad itself but the place in which it appeared: *Commentary*. If you're familiar with that distinguished intellectual journal, you'll be aware that full-page ads tend to reflect its erudite content—offerings of eighteen-volume library editions of Spinoza and the like. But there, in the midst of those distinguished pages, was a full-page hard-sell blast entitled "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," with Joe boasting proudly in the accompanying copy that "I have 2 boats and a Cadillac . . . I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. . . . I'll show you how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now."

Not long afterward I arranged to visit Joe at his split-level oceanfront office in Huntington Beach, California, not far from the \$100,000 house. Joe had recently traded up from his Cadillac to a new Rolls-Royce, he told me right off. Did I want to go for a ride?

Joe's a husky, genial guy around 50, with the deep, well-modulated voice of a professional pitchman. Joe was, in fact, one of the pioneering pitchmen of late-night TV in L.A. During the late forties and early fifties, when there was no official limit on the length of nighttime commercials, Joe would come on and do those endless epic pitches for freezer plans, used cars, vegetable choppers, and the like, pioneering the orotund style of relentless harangue that was responsible for getting an official time limit placed on commercials.

"I pioneered a new type of selling," Joe tells me. "Being honest is what it was—sell yourself is what I mean, be a salable product yourself and you can sell anything," he explains. "I

made and blew several small fortunes back then," Joe says. "Then I hit bottom." New ownership dumped Joe from his all-night-pitch post; he found himself broke and heavily in debt.

It was then, Joe says, he made the momentous discoveries that went into Dyna/Phyc, the motivational system that was the heart of the Lazy Man's Way. He took a Dale Carnegie course, read *Think and Grow Rich*, works by W. Clement Stone and others. He put them all together with some mystical techniques from the East. Then he went into mail order. He sold such items as tinted driving glasses and helped recreate his fortune. Then he sold his system for making money and really began to rake in the cash.

It was lunchtime and Joe volunteered to drive us in his new Rolls over to his yacht club nearby. The \$20,000 forest-green cruise-ship-size Rolls is more than a vehicle for Joe. It's a symbol of his legitimacy, like the notarized statements from his accountant and banker testifying to the \$100,000 price tag on his house that Joe reprints in his full-page ads. Many of the people who run these get-rich-quick ads, Joe grumbles to me, *are not actually rich*.

By following his system, Joe says, anyone who really wants a Rolls can have it. All you need to do is make it part of your Daily Declarations. Every morning upon rising, every evening upon retiring, you will read aloud to yourself a written declaration

"... Next, Joe advises, close your eyes and put yourself in a greed trance in which you visualize the Rolls . . ."



in which you describe that which you desire as if you already had it. "I have a brand-new, beautiful Rolls-Royce that cost \$20,000," you declare as if it were actually in your garage. Next, Joe advises in his book, close your eyes and put yourself in a kind of greed trance in which you "visualize it completely. In your mind's eye, SEE the car . . . touch the steering wheel. . . ."

Joe's Rolls was real. So was Joe's yacht club. So was the smile on the face of the hostess who seated us at a table overlooking the yacht basin and told us there would be a "complimentary" fashion show during lunch.

Joe complained a lot during lunch about the "not genuinely rich" guys who were now ripping off his ads to sell success systems to unwary customers, but the thing I recall most clearly about that lunch was the implacable fashion show. Before we could order food, a Japanese woman in a silk kimono sashayed up to the table, whirled about, and said, "Very special fashion show. Are gentlemen interested in beautiful Oriental gifts to take home to ladies?"

"Not today, thanks," Joe said.

She returned while we had chowder. Joe was showing me an imitation of the Lazy Man's Way called "The Easy Road to Riches."

"Look here," said Joe. "He says, 'I have a yacht and four automobiles, two of which are exotic sports cars.' Just like me with my boats and cars. The rest is almost word for word."

The Japanese woman whirled up to the table trailing diaphanous silk shawls. "Shawls make perfect gift," she said.

"Please, we're in the middle of talking," Joe said, sounding a little irritated.

She returned during the main course—apparently making the rounds of each table with each costume change. Joe couldn't stop her. Perhaps she had made her own Dyna/Phyc Daily Declaration about selling shawls this morning. It seemed ironic: Here was this master pitchman, swami of salesmen, ensconced in his yacht club, just a short ride in his Rolls from his hundred-thou house, and the poor guy couldn't get a little peace of mind during a meal precisely because of the pervasiveness of the kind of pitch he was promoting.

Detective Roman and the Disappearance of Dan Brown

Bombs in the mail. Extortion notes. Dark doings at Ezra Pound's mental hospital. A "Defense Committee" with the curious name American Committee for Integrity and Decency (ACID).

Twenty-one alleged CIA murders. One genuinely mysterious disappearance.

The strange saga of disappearing Dan Brown and his ultimate get-rich-quick scheme contains heavier elements of mystery and tragedy than are usually to be found in the success-secret subculture.

The curious story first came to my attention a couple of years ago in the pages of *Roman Reports*, a bimonthly publication devoted exclusively to cataloging and evaluating the hundreds of get-rich-quick success-secret schemes advertised each year in national magazines.

Chief investigator and sole proprietor of *Roman Reports* is a dogged amateur detective named Dave Roman. From his base in Maple Heights, Ohio, where he is also a building-materials supplier, Roman clips every coupon he gets his hands on when it promises big bucks fast. When he gets the material, he reads it, digests it for comment in his bimonthly report, returns it, then asks for his money back to check on the money-back-guarantee policy. (Most get-rich-quick schemes sold through the mail make money for their authors because the recipients are frequently too confused or depressed by what they get to ask for a refund when disappointed, or don't want to admit they were taken.)

Reading the wry comments in the pages of *Roman Reports* is like going through a weird rogues gallery with Roman as a low-key tour guide.

The Belgium Secret is a one page letter that describes one of the gimmicks described in P.O.W.-E.R. (previously reported in my reports). It tells you to establish a corporation in a State that doesn't demand proof of capitalization. You buy some cheap plots of land with a down payment for your assets. The idea is to build an inflated financial statement. . . . Don't waste your money on this one. . . .

Big Mac, Inc. . . . is another pyramid scheme. . . . You can join their millionaire apprentice club for only \$10.

What was appealing about *Roman Reports* was Roman's ability to combine amiable skepticism about most of the material that arrived at his archives with an optimist's faith that somewhere, somehow in his researches he'd come across that One Perfect Scheme.

When I came across his first report on Dan Brown's American Trustee & Loan Association (ATLA) operation, I could sense a heightened tone of excitement in Roman's usually unflappable prose.

"This offer costs you \$10.95, but is the most unusual information I have ever received bar none!" he exclaimed. According to Roman, Dan Brown II, the man behind ATLA, "is a wealthy man who has his own CIA of sorts. . . . He proposed an economic system that he claimed would have made banks obsolete and make everyone wealthy in a couple of months. He claims this system was used four times in history and each time the banking interests used their wealth and power to destroy it."

So excited was Roman by the prospect of this ultimate get-rich scheme, a scheme so great that it made not just the buyer or the seller but *everybody* rich, that he did something unprecedented—he became a dealer in Dan Brown's book, offering it at a discounted \$8 price to readers of the report.

Only one small cloud shadowed the bright, new future that seemed to be dawning in Dan Brown's dream: Dan Brown himself had disappeared. "Dan Brown has been missing since May 9th, 1975," Roman reported. "Plus there have been 3 major resignations on his staff so the organization is a little shaky." Roman promised to investigate for an update.

Explosive developments in the Dan Brown case filled a whole page of the following issue of *Roman Reports*.

"It is a continuing story, and I can't seem to let go of it or find the real truth," Roman confessed, sounding a bit shaken at the news he had to relate. "Dan Brown was jailed because he allegedly tried to send a bomb thru the mail to extort \$30,000 from the Greyhound Corp." As a get-rich-quick scheme, this certainly was direct, although it did lack the grand vision one had come to expect from the author of the Universal Get-Rich-Quick Scheme.

According to Roman's update, "Dan Brown claims he was framed by the SEC and the CIA. The bomb went off in the Post Office, but it was a dud and didn't harm a soul. . . . Dan claims he was framed because he released the names of 21 CIA murders. . . . The court declared him incompetent and placed him in the psychiatric ward of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington."

St. Elizabeth's, you may be aware, was the place in which that other visionary and monetary theorist Ezra Pound was incarcerated for twelve years. Indeed, Dan Brown's "christian and patriotic" monetary theories sound suspiciously like Pound's Social Credit scheme for abolishing banking and making everyone prosperous, happy, and tax-free. (Brown and Pound both favor a complex self-devaluating, dated,

paper-money system which is supposed to increase the velocity of money and pile it up for people instead of banks.)

Enter ACID to the aid of beleaguered Dan Brown. A group in Washington calling itself the American Committee for Integrity and Decency was formed to defend Dan Brown from "unethical practices and lies" by the government and win his release from St. Elizabeth's. But as this episode of the saga closed, Dan Brown had disappeared again. He had been transferred to a mental hospital outside St. Louis.

Then at last the final report: "Sad news has been conveyed to me and I will pass on the information I have," Roman announced in his November '76 report. "My investigation of Dan Brown and the American Trustee & Loan Association is at an end." A Mr. George Warix, the founder of ACID, says Roman, "tells me that Dan Brown has been released from the mental hospital outside of St. Louis and was moved back to Washington, D.C., to stay at a halfway house. During the day, Dan was allowed out. . . . August 4 was the last time George saw Dan. I even talked with Dan a week earlier," Roman remarks, but "Dan Brown has not been seen since. George feels the CIA finally got rid of Dan because things were getting too hot and too many people were getting involved in the case. . . . Nothing can be proven, because there is no body. I guess we will all have to come to our own conclusions."

Norvell's Metaphysical Empire

Let me introduce you to the amazing Norvell. The name may sound familiar; you may have seen his ads in the *Times* for Sunday lectures on "mind cosmology" and other metaphysical subjects. Norvell—his first name is Anthony, but he prefers the more mystical-sounding solitary name—is a master of merchandising. He's incorporated a whole grab bag of so-called "Secrets of the East" as occult techniques for capturing the cash of the West. Who is Norvell? His publisher, Parker Publishing, has no way to reach him, it said. But from the sketchy biographical details provided by the jacket covers of Norvell books, like *Money Magnetism* and *Mind Cosmology*, one can see that we are dealing here with a true child of East and West. He began on the path to enlightenment in Hollywood: "In his earlier years, Norvell was known as the advisor to the motion picture stars of Hollywood, and as an Astrologer, mystic and psychic with a reputation for being 85% correct." Norvell himself claims he transmitted his "magic

circle" to such stars as Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Greer Garson, and "about 200 other famous stars" during his Hollywood horoscope heyday.

For some unexplained reason—either a summons to Higher Wisdom from the Cosmic Guardians or perhaps some unfortunate consequences from the 15 percent of his predictions that went awry—Norvell left Hollywood to search for the mystic secrets of the East. Depending on which jacket cover you read, Norvell either "spent years gleaning" his "profound knowledge of the Eastern Mysteries from the Masters of India and the Levant" or conducted "his studies and research . . . in universities and occult libraries in England, India and Greece." "Most recently, in his quest for truth," one jacket tells us, "Norvell conducted a group of 70 students and lecture members to Egypt where he personally conducted the sacred flame ritual before the Pyramids."

How does a disciple of these mystical practices actually get rich? Well, if you're a follower of Norvell's money magnetism, you spend quite a bit of time each day chanting and magnetizing yourself. You wake up in the morning and polish up your "Golden Nuggets"—chanting ten times a series of statements such as "I will make \$100,000 in my own business and be a big success."

Then it's time to read the morning paper and clip out items about rich and famous people for your Golden Hall of Fame and your Scrapbook of Destiny over which you just meditate regularly and say such things as "I now elevate myself to the Golden Hall of Fame." Before you leave for work you have to read aloud the Millionaire's Secret Vow of Riches ("I recognize there are infinite treasures in the Cosmic Cornucopia of Riches and Abundance. I draw upon the unlimited resources of the universe for my own enrichment"). During the day you must not neglect your "money pump exercise," and chant your money-motivator mantras five times each. All of which is mere preparation for the "magic circle aura ritual to build a million-dollar personality." This involves standing in front of a mirror and declaring: "I now build my magic circle aura of importance and success . . . I am worth \$50,000 a year or more and I now project this image of riches and power. . . ."

And if at the end of the day you wonder if it's all worth it, if you wonder why a person with a million-dollar personality spends his day engaging in these practices without any million-dollar reward, well, just look in your wallet. For there, if you've been following

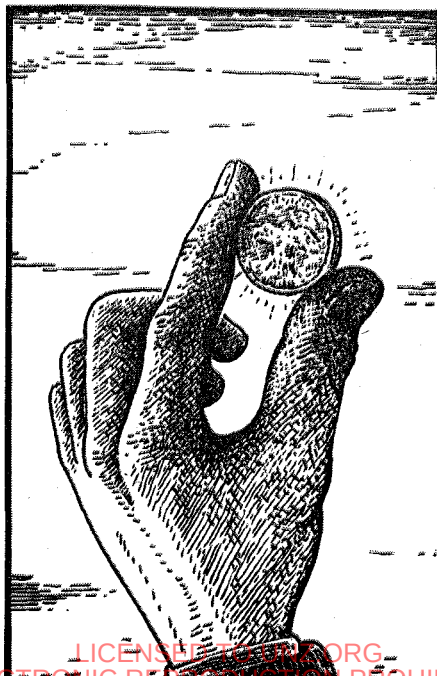
Norvell's instructions, you have a check made out to yourself for \$1 million. "Sign the check, 'God, the Universal Banker,'" Norvell suggests. "Every time you see this you will affirm to yourself that God has literally given you a universe . . . it belongs to you as much as anyone else and therefore you already are worth more than a million dollars."

Is There Life Insurance On Other Planets?

If you find this inbreeding of bogus mysticism not quite to your taste, you can blame it on the Babylonians. The whole mystical capitalist tradition in the twentieth century can be traced to one seminal sacred text that appeared in 1926: *The Richest Man in Babylon*. Subtitled in its current edition "The Success Secrets of the Ancients," this book is the urtext of the success-secret subculture. Purportedly drawn from authentic clay tablets unearthed by archaeologists, *The Richest Man* opens with a dialogue between a debt-plagued Babylonian named Bansir the chariot maker and a long-winded know-it-all named Arkad, who tells Bansir the system by which he became "the richest man in Babylon."

The secrets of this system turn out to be little more than keeping a regular savings account and buying insurance, which explains why so many hundreds of thousands of copies of *The Richest Man in Babylon* have been distributed

"... A long-winded know-it-all named Arkad tells how he became the richest man in Babylon . . ."



free by savings banks and life-insurance companies. Of course, there weren't any insurance companies in ancient Babylon, but Arkad finesses this problem by *predicting* that in some future age someone will have the vision to invent them. He does this in a passage which will give you the flavor and intellectual force of the "ancient" wisdom that pervades this classic. "In my mind rests a belief," intones the wise Arkad, "that someday wise-thinking men will devise a plan to insure against death whereby many men pay in but a trifling sum regularly, the aggregate making a handsome sum for the family of each member who passeth into the beyond. This do I see as desirable and which I could highly recommend. . . ."

The perversely blasphemous choice of Babylon as ancient city of wisdom (for a devout Bible reader, calling someone the "richest man in Babylon" is no more a compliment than calling him the "grooviest guy in Gomorrah") apparently didn't harm its sales; the book became a well-respected "inspirational classic."

Its success helped enshrine the notion that "the Ancients" (or the sages among them) spent most of their time devising success secrets, leaving unanswered the question of why they weren't smart enough to invent insurance themselves. But once the idea caught on, *The Richest Man* spawned a whole generation of "secrets of the ancients"-type success books, such as Og Mandino's *The Greatest Secret in the World*, in which we learn of the Ten Great Scrolls for Success of Hafid the camel boy of Bethlehem.

All of which makes one speculate on the identity of this so-called "Ancient" Arkad. How could he know about life insurance so far ahead of its time unless he was the representative of some vastly superior, but life-insurance-conscious, alien civilization. In fact it is not beyond the realm of possibility that this so-called Arkad was in fact one of Erich Von Daniken's "ancient astronauts" whose many contributions to human civilization are suggested in *Chariots of the Gods*. Certainly the text in *The Richest Man* provides clues that support this notion. Why is Bansir identified as a *chariot maker*? Might he not have been called upon to do some body and fender work on the ancient astronauts' interstellar chariots and been given in return the priceless secret of the insurance industry of the future. Indeed, it would not be surprising in the light of these speculations if we discover that the first alien beings we encounter have not come to redeem or destroy us but instead to sell us a surefire scheme for making big bucks in interplanetary mail order.

Swept Away

By Anthony Wolff



On the beach: Edward Everts was watching television last January when the remains of his Westhampton house (second house, above) appeared on the screen. The house on stilts (background) had been jacked up earlier in the season. It survived.

Along the western end of Westhampton's Dune Road, it will take more than a few weeks of perfect sunshine and calm seas this summer to make folks forget last winter's storms. Early in January and again just a month later, while the city was coping with blizzards, the North Atlantic rose high on a spring tide, then surged higher still as the barometer fell, until sea level was as much as three feet above the mean. Over the long fetch of open ocean, hurricane winds roughed up the water into iron-fisted waves, driving them with a force of hundreds of pounds per square foot onto the shore and over the narrow barrier beach into Moriches Bay.

Bill Hyman, a 37-year-old Manhattan insurance executive, was at home, watching the January storm on the TV news, when he recognized his own house, just a couple of inches on the screen from where the ocean was flooding across Dune Road. By the time he could get there, the sand and saltwater

were almost knee-deep in the house. Still, Hyman was lucky; his house survived.

In Yonkers, Edward Everts too was watching the TV news and saw the damage to his house at 787 Dune Road. "The first storm in January took my garage and my decks," he recalls. "I had a contractor come in and shore up the house so it wouldn't topple over. Cost me \$600."

Early in February, the contractor called Everts to tell him that another big storm was coming. "Do what you got to do," Everts told him. "I did what I had to do," the contractor reported the next day, "but I can't prove I done it. Everything is gone."

Next door, at No. 785, the disaster was doubled. "We've lost both houses, my son and I," says Norman Sperry, of Garden City. "Part of my house went into the ocean; the rest collapsed. I had some stuff stored away in the garage—two beds and a crib and a fourteen-foot boat. I found them float-

ing in the bay. The house had nine rooms. It had everything, modern. I'll have to haul the stuff away and start from scratch." His son, Paul, just down Dune Road at 799, won't have much hauling to do: His house simply floated away, leaving a mound of sand where the foundation had been.

By the time the ocean calmed down for the summer, seven houses along Dune Road had disappeared altogether or lay in the sand, totally demolished. Many more had lost decks, railings, stairways, and other appendages, or were sprung at the seams or twisted out of kilter. About a mile of the high, protective dune behind Westhampton Beach had been obliterated; most of the beach itself was gone. Surviving houses that used to be 100 feet or more from the waterline now stood with their footings awash at every high tide, awaiting the next, inevitable storm.

From New England to New Jersey all our favorite summer beaches took a terrible beating from the storms. On the

“... By the time the ocean calmed down for the summer, seven houses along Dune Road had disappeared altogether ...”

80-mile barrier beach that protects the South Shore of Long Island from the Rockaways to the Hamptons, only Jones Beach escaped severe damage. Rockaway Beach, in Queens, lost 3.2-million cubic yards of sand along seven and a half miles of oceanfront. Eastward all the way from Atlantic Beach to Point Lookout, a 200-foot-wide strip of dry sand washed away, diminish-

underwrites on houses no private insurer will touch. The government policies cover damages to a single-family house all the way up to \$185,000, plus another \$60,000 for damages to the contents. The Small Business Administration has been doing a brisk business in federal disaster-relief loans, too, at interest rates as low as 1 percent.

Nevertheless, there are those who

Eventually, the captured sand will extend the existing beach seaward. The state of the art is still less than a science, a corps spokesman concedes, but “most places, they work.”

“The problem with groins is not that they don’t work,” rejoins Graham Giese, “but that they do.” Uninterrupted, the alongshore movement of sand—“littoral drift” to oceanographers



Total loss: Norman Sperry's nine-room Dune Road house collapsed during the January storms. Down the road, his son's house was plucked off its foundations by the waves and pulled out into the ocean, where it disappeared without a trace.

ing the beach by two thirds. On Fire Island, parts of the shoreline were cut back 200 feet, and a number of beach houses were wrecked or washed out to sea. Near land's end at Montauk, on the North Shore of Long Island, and at Wellfleet and Truro up on Cape Cod, houses perched high above the beach plunged into the sea as waves undercut the towering escarpments.

Despite last winter's convincing demonstration of the perils of life on the margin, however, there has not been any mass retreat to safer ground inland. Property values along the beaches have held up, though the beaches haven't.

Up and down the coast, people are pulling their houses back from the brink or jacking them up on stilts and daring the ocean to try again. In many cases, damaged houses are being rebuilt exactly where they were before.

A lot of people are staying put with considerable help from Uncle Sam. The lucky ones are covered by the liberal flood insurance the federal government

complain that the government isn't doing enough. These after-the-fact subsidies are all well and good, they say, but what the government *really* ought to do is keep the waves from tearing up the beaches in the first place.

What can Uncle Sam do? “The single, final answer is very simple: nothing,” says oceanographer Graham Giese, associate scientist at the Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies. “Nothing can be done to prevent the erosion of the shores.” The beach is the world in the process of coming apart; there's no help for it in the long run.

But the Army Corps of Engineers, the government's in-house heaven-and-earth mover, takes a more activist view of the prospect. The best technology in the engineer's catalog is a groin, or jetty—a long stone pier running from the dry sand beach out into deep water. The idea is that a series of groins will trap the sand that is transported along the shore by the endless succession of waves striking the beach obliquely.

—simultaneously diminishes and replenishes the beaches. When we interrupt the natural comings and goings of sand along the shore with groins, the experts warn, we divide the system into separate beaches and build up one at the expense of its downstream neighbor. Still giving up sand to the waves, but not getting any back, the downstream beach recedes and becomes unable to withstand the force of winter-storm waves.

But to proprietors of private beaches the idea that their precious sand comes and goes with the waves is unsettling. Real estate is supposed to be fixed and permanent, not ephemeral. If a piece of property won't stand still, how can it be mapped and measured and taxed? How can it be subdivided and bought and sold for so much an acre or a square foot? If groins will make the beach stay where the deed says it belongs, say the owners, then build groins.

Westhampton Beach has been learning about groins for 40 years. During

"...If the counties gave the corps a green light, there'd be groins all the way from Montauk to Coney Island,' says Klein..."

the great hurricane of 1938, waves broke through the barrier beach just to the east, at Southampton. The first groins were built to keep the breach open, creating Shinnecock Inlet. The side effect was to interrupt the littoral drift of sand westward from Montauk to Westhampton Beach and beyond. As a result, the beach began to erode at almost seven feet a year, four times the

the groins were unharmed. The sea broke through just beyond the last groin, causing extensive damage to homes and other property.

Again, the corps came up with a plan, this time for four more groins in the eroded area west of the existing field, plus sand to fill between all fifteen groins and 2,000 feet of beach to the west. Again, the county balked at the

have been okay," says Brian Ozero, co-chairman of an ad hoc save-the-beach committee, whose year-old, \$160,000 house is just west of the groin field. Instead, he points out, the federal flood-insurance program and upgraded local building and zoning codes have encouraged him and neighbors to build very expensive sand castles. The unfinished groin field is a government job



Land's end: This is groin No. 15, the westernmost wave tamer on Westhampton Beach. The Army Corps of Engineers' handiwork has held back the sea—to the east. To the west, though, beach erosion and real-estate destruction have been accelerated.

rate of the preceding century. In 1954, the state called in the Corps of Engineers.

After years of surveying and studying, the engineers recommended that the entire 83 miles of beach from Fire Island Inlet to Montauk Point—about 70 percent of Long Island's ocean shore—be built up with 34 million cubic yards of new sand and stabilized by as many as 50 groins "if and when experience indicates their need." The chief of engineers calculated that the project's benefits would exceed its considerable cost by a factor of 2.7.

The proposal languished until 1962, when winter-storm waves broke through Westhampton Beach into Moriches Bay. Still, Suffolk County balked at its share of the costs until the corps agreed to a far more modest plan. All that finally got built in 1966 was a series of eleven groins along a two-and-a-half-mile segment of the beach. As the groin field filled with sand, the beach immediately to the west receded rapidly. When a big storm hit the beach in 1967, the land and buildings behind

budget and the plan was cut down to just the four groins and token sand fill. And again, just west of the last groin, the beach began to erode rapidly. The waves broke through first in 1973, then waited five years, until last winter.

With the advantage of hindsight, both proponents and opponents of the groins claim that the sad experience at Westhampton Beach vindicates their position. If its original plan for sand fill and groins from one end of the beach to the other had been carried out, the corps insists, all of the trouble would have been prevented. "If we were back in the nineteenth century and we had it to do all over again," says Suffolk County Executive John V. N. Klein, adamantly anti-groin, "we would allow no building on the barrier beach, and no effort of any kind to interfere with the natural processes."

None of this a posteriori wisdom is much comfort to the people who live on Westhampton Beach. "If they had legislated even fifteen years ago that we couldn't build out here, that would

too. Ozero and his neighbors figure the government owes them protection.

The Corps of Engineers has yet another plan, in its hip pocket, for six more groins, plus sand fill, almost all the way to the end of the beach at Moriches Inlet. "If the counties gave the corps the green light, there would be groins all the way from Montauk to Coney Island," says County Executive Klein. "The best thing to do would be to take the existing groins out."

Since it would cost more to take the groins out than it did to put them in, and it's too late to do nothing, Klein has agreed to a scheme that will pump sand from offshore onto five miles of Westhampton Beach. But no more groins. "Anyone who builds in the teeth of the Atlantic should expect to get bitten," he says. "I can understand what those people out there have done, but I'm not about to rush to their aid with the taxpayers' money."

Trying to hold the beach against the sea, according to Klein, "is like arm wrestling with God."



Gingerly

By Harold J. Kennedy

"... Ginger Rogers turned out to be totally unlike her screen self, which only goes to prove what a good actress she is ..."

It seems that Ginger Rogers never smiles. When the people around her are falling on the floor with laughter, I have heard Ginger say, "That's very amusing."

It's too bad she didn't have a sense of humor about her husbands, because the one we had to deal with, Number Five, was strictly no laughs on or off the stage.

I had always admired Ginger as a screen actress and had been eager to have her do a play for me. I had written her many times, receiving no reply, and finally her agent, Louis Shurr, arranged a meeting at her house. He picked me up in his Rolls-Royce and we were chauffeur-driven out there. Louis shook all the way out and all through the interview. Ginger was gracious enough—well mannered would be a better description—but I remember thinking even then, and to my great surprise and disappointment, that she was one of the coldest ladies I had ever met. Totally unlike her screen self, which only goes to prove what a good actress she is.

It was agreed that she would do the starring role for me in a ten-week summer tour of John Van Druten's *Bell,*

This article is adapted from Mr. Kennedy's No Pickle, No Performance: An Irreverent Theatrical Excursion From Talulah to Travolta, to be published in July.



Book and Candle, which Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer had done on Broadway. I agreed to get her a salary of \$7,500 per week plus a percentage, not an inconsiderable amount in summer stock. She, of course, was to play the Lilli Palmer role, and I promised to get her a topflight leading man and a first-rate supporting cast.

"I'm sure everything will be just great," Louis said at the door as we were leaving.

"It better be," said Ginger, "or off goes your head."

I assumed that she was kidding, but I gathered from the way Louis shook all the way home that he didn't think she was.

Ginger wasn't married at that time, and there was no hint during discussion of our summer plans that anything of that nature was impending. But about a month later, I read in the papers that Ginger had taken her fifth husband, a man named G. William Marshall, vaguely described in the papers as a great buddy of Errol Flynn's and a kind of man-about-Schwab's. I had no idea what that marriage was going to do to *Bell, Book and Candle*.

About a week later I got a call from Ginger.

"I've found my leading man," she said. This rather surprised me, as I hadn't asked her to find one.



"...Moss Hart said a family is a dynasty ruled by its weakest member. With a play, it's the weakest actor..."

"Who is that?" I asked.

"My husband," she said.

"Has he ever been on the stage?"

"No. But he's handsome and charming and he'll be wonderful."

Handsome and charming are matters of opinion. Wonderful is something else again. Any experienced actor will tell you that light comedy like *Bell, Book and Candle* is far more difficult to act than more substantial plays like *Death of a Salesman* or even Shakespeare. Light comedy requires tremendous technical skill in coloring, pacing, and timing that takes years of experience to acquire. Many first-rate actors never do master this special technique. Of American actors, the late Donald Cook was probably the most skillful in this vein, and it was no accident that the smart ladies like Tallulah and Gertie Lawrence and Joan Bennett always insisted on him as their leading man.

The production was doomed from the first minute of the first rehearsal in Detroit. Ginger and Bill were literally still on their honeymoon, and it was immediately apparent that they didn't know their lines.

Learning lines is kindergarten work and must be done at home, and by yourself, and before rehearsals begin. There are those in the "method" who say they can't begin to learn their lines until they get the "feel" of the other actors and the sound of their voices, but in the economics of today's theater and the reduced rehearsal time available, this is impractical nonsense. There is too much advanced acting to do in rehearsals—stage business, pacing, timing, handling of props, working with other actors—to waste time learning lines. Because of economics I was allowed only a total of ten days' rehearsal time on my Broadway production of *The Front Page*, and I could never have done it if every one of those 24 actors had not come knowing every word of the script.

Much of the Detroit rehearsal time was devoted to nursing Ginger and Bill through their lines. But as they began to learn them, a worse factor became apparent. There might now be some reason to hope that Bill would eventually know the words; there seemed no reason to hope that he would ever be able to say them properly. Rex Harrison he certainly was not.

Sometimes I felt very sorry for him. I think he did try. But it is difficult to remain sorry for someone who has deliberately put himself into an unten-

able position. He was not only doing the play a disservice; he was doing a disservice to himself and the other actors.

Moss Hart used to say a family is a dynasty ruled over by its weakest member. And I think a play inadvertently comes under the control of its weakest actor.

Luck never rode very much with Bill as far as *Bell, Book and Candle* was concerned. At the final dress rehearsal he wore his hairpiece for the first time. When he came through the center door, which was a perfectly normal height, the hairpiece was so pompadoured that the top of the door frame swept it right off his head, and it stayed there swinging on a nail while Bill proceeded to center stage looking as though he had been scalped.

Needless to say, Bill was not prepared to change the hairpiece, so we had to rebuild the door an extra foot. It was the highest hairpiece I have ever seen and would have had trouble getting through an arch at St. Patrick's Cathedral. At least he had the sense to try it at dress rehearsal. Kitty Carlisle had played opposite Herbert Berghof in *Design for Living* in Cleveland and Herbert had never worn his hairpiece until opening night. When Kitty opened the door to let him onstage in the first act, she was confronted by a man she had never seen before and promptly closed the door in his face.

Finally *Bell, Book and Candle* opened in Detroit. Starring Ginger Rogers. Co-starring G. William Marshall.

"What does the G stand for?" somebody asked.

"It stands for 'Gee, I wish he wouldn't do it,'" said someone else who had seen the performance.

The principal Detroit critic wrote after the opening:

"The program lists Mr. Marshall as having been acquainted with many phases of show business. Last night he showed not even a nodding acquaintance with any of them."

The other paper, much kinder, found Miss Rogers and her husband charming, though not up to the professional standards of the rest of the cast.

The three supporting players, including myself, received unanimously excellent reviews. This didn't help my relationship with Ginger. She came into my trailer the day after the reviews appeared.

"Congratulations on your notices," she said. And it was the closest I ever

came to seeing her smile. But it wasn't a nice smile. It was Regina Giddens in *The Little Foxes*.

Sam Levene insists on calling me "Mr. Kennedy" out of respect and genuine affection; Ginger never called me anything but "Mr. Kennedy," but she said it as though she were addressing the Führer. It was always like a mild slap in the face. Just the tiniest sting.

Actually I understood Ginger very well, and she will never know how truly sympathetic I was to her. She was very much in love with Bill Marshall at the time and I am a pushover for love on or off the stage. I understand, too, that when we love someone and we feel that they are inept, it makes us fiercely protective. The real problem between Ginger and me was very simple: She knew Bill was not good in the play; she knew I knew it; and worst of all she knew I knew that she knew it. And it was never discussed.

She and Bill used to speak French to each other in front of the supporting actors and the crew on the obvious assumption that we peasants could not follow the conversation.

One evening at a dress rehearsal in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Ginger went out into the auditorium to look at the set and asked Bill to come onstage and move around so she could check on the lighting.

As he moved around she called out to him from the front of the house.

"Mon cher, fermez la porte de la cuisine."

"Qu'est ce que c'est, ma petite, ma chère, mon choucou?" Bill called back from the stage.

"Fermez la porte de la cuisine," Ginger repeated.

"Qu'est ce que c'est, mon amour, mon frou-frou?" called back Bill.

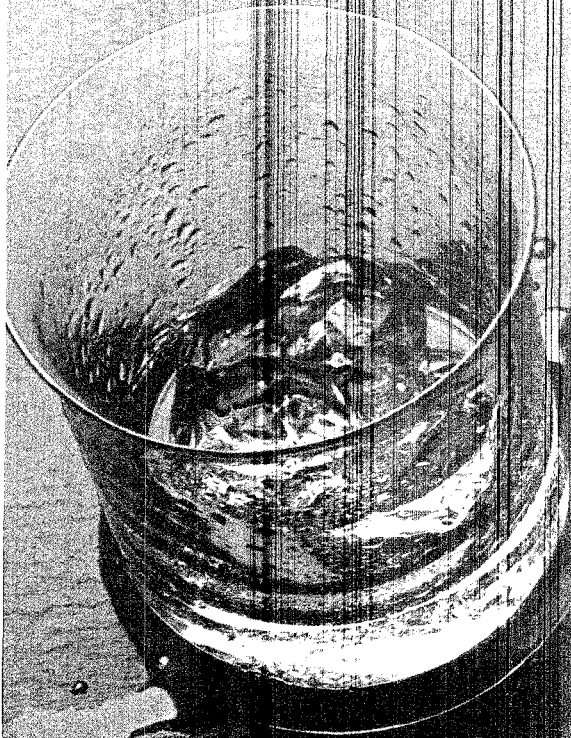
A grimy electrician in the third row had had enough.

"She said close the kitchen door," he said in disgust.

Ginger is so deadly serious that sometimes people think she has a wry sense of humor. She told the stage manager at Skowhegan, Maine, whose name was Bill, that he would have to have the crew call him something else the week we were playing there, as every time she heard someone shout out "Bill" she thought they were calling her husband and it made her very nervous.

"She's kidding, of course," the stage manager said to me slightly dazed.

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The butler did it.

“...‘Don’t let my wife know, but get me some booze,’ said Ginger’s husband. ‘I’m sure as hell going to need it before I get there’...”



The act:
*Stars of Bell,
Book and
Candle (left to
right)—Bill
Marshall (with
wig); Peter
Waldren;
Harold
J. Kennedy,
author of the
present
account; and
Ginger Rogers,
its heroine.*

“She never kids,” I said. I suggested he have the crew call him Sir Cedric Hardwicke for the rest of the week. It would have given us a little class, which we could certainly have used.

Maureen O’Sullivan insists that when she played Skowhegan a few weeks after we did, the first question she was asked by a member of the crew who met her at the airport was, “Will we have to wear the masks this week?”

“What masks?” Maureen said.

“Well, when Ginger Rogers was here,” Maureen says he told her, “the stage crew had to wear masks during the performance so that she couldn’t see our faces.”

I have to admit that I don’t remember the masks, but as recently as a week ago Maureen maintained again that it was true that the stagehands showed her the masks, which were in a large wooden box. She said they looked like the inquisitors’ hoods from a bad regional-theater production of *Saint Joan*.

I never really knew how much Bill Marshall did on his own and how much Ginger put him up to. Ginger is a Christian Scientist and doesn’t drink or smoke. Apparently Bill didn’t either, but these seemed odd virtues for a roistering buddy of Errol Flynn’s. I never figured out whether Ginger wouldn’t let him or whether they were virtues he affected in the thought that they would please her.

In any case, the virtues were not quite constant. He telephoned Guy Palmerton from a men’s room on the road when he was driving Ginger from Chicago to Fitchburg and said, “Don’t let my wife know, but get me some booze. Any kind of booze. I’m sure as hell going to need it by the time I get there.”

I’m sure his life was no bed of roses. Of all the strong ladies I have known, Ginger is perhaps the strongest. And the most possessive.

One night in the big tent at Storowton, just outside of Springfield, Massachusetts, Bill missed an entrance in a scene with Ginger. When he finally got on, she played the scene with clenched teeth and was so obviously upset that I sent the stage manager, Zeke Berlin, around to the side aisle, where she would be making her exit.

“Who was he talking to?” Ginger demanded, barely halfway up the aisle. “Tell me who he was talking to.”

“He wasn’t talking to anyone, Miss Rogers,” Zeke said. “They didn’t have his props ready.”

“Oh, the poor darling,” Ginger said.

Bill missed another entrance in Nyack, New York, at a Wednesday matinee when he was out in front in the middle of the audience counting the house. I don’t know whether it was his idea or whether Ginger sent him out to do it. But when the cue came for

him to knock on the door, there was no knock. Ginger and Peter Waldren looked apprehensively at each other, then improvised a few lines. Not very bright. Mostly about the weather. And he did ask her about her cat, Pyewacket.

Suddenly we heard a gasp in the middle of the auditorium; then feet running toward the front of the theater; then silence as Bill was presumably running down the alley toward the stage door; then the violent opening of the stage door; then feet running toward the stage. Then suddenly the footsteps stopped and it was a couple of minutes before the knock finally came at the door. Why had the footsteps ceased? He had stopped at a mirror to comb his hairpiece.

About the only social amenity Ginger made on the whole tour was to invite the three supporting actors to her motel suite in Dayton, Ohio, on the closing night of the tour. She served us hamburgers which she had picked up at a local stand; there was one bottle of scotch, and there was a very ornate cake which had our names on it as follows:

“Ginger. Bill. Renie. Peter. And Mr. Kennedy.”

There is something austere about the formality of “Mr. Kennedy” on a celebration cake. At least it said “And” Mr. Kennedy. It might have said “But.” ■

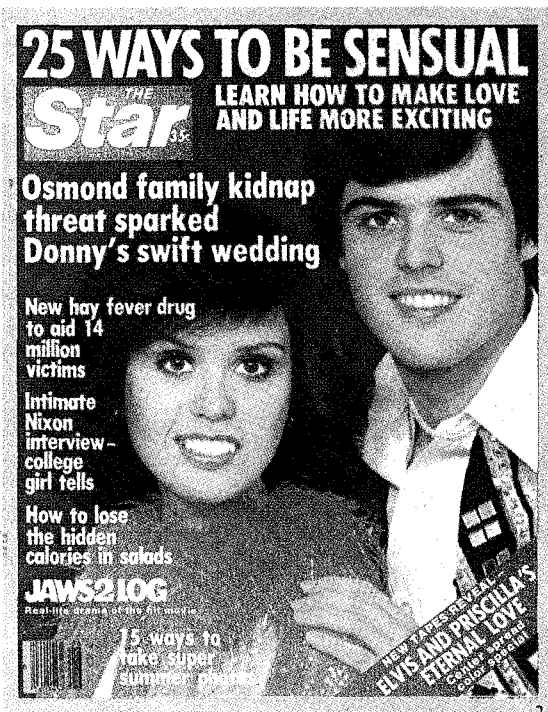
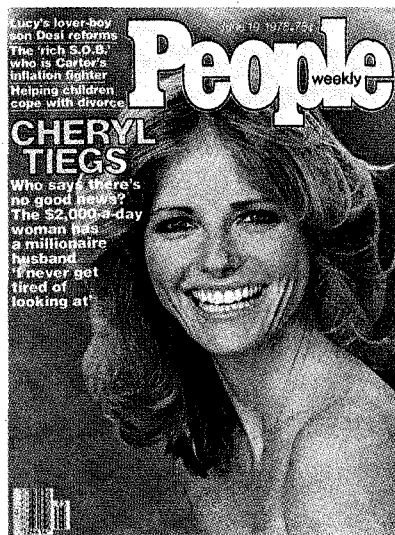
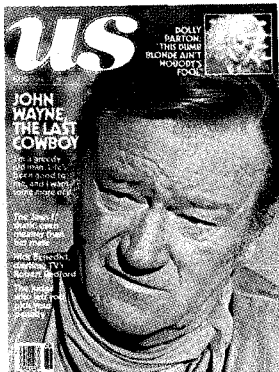
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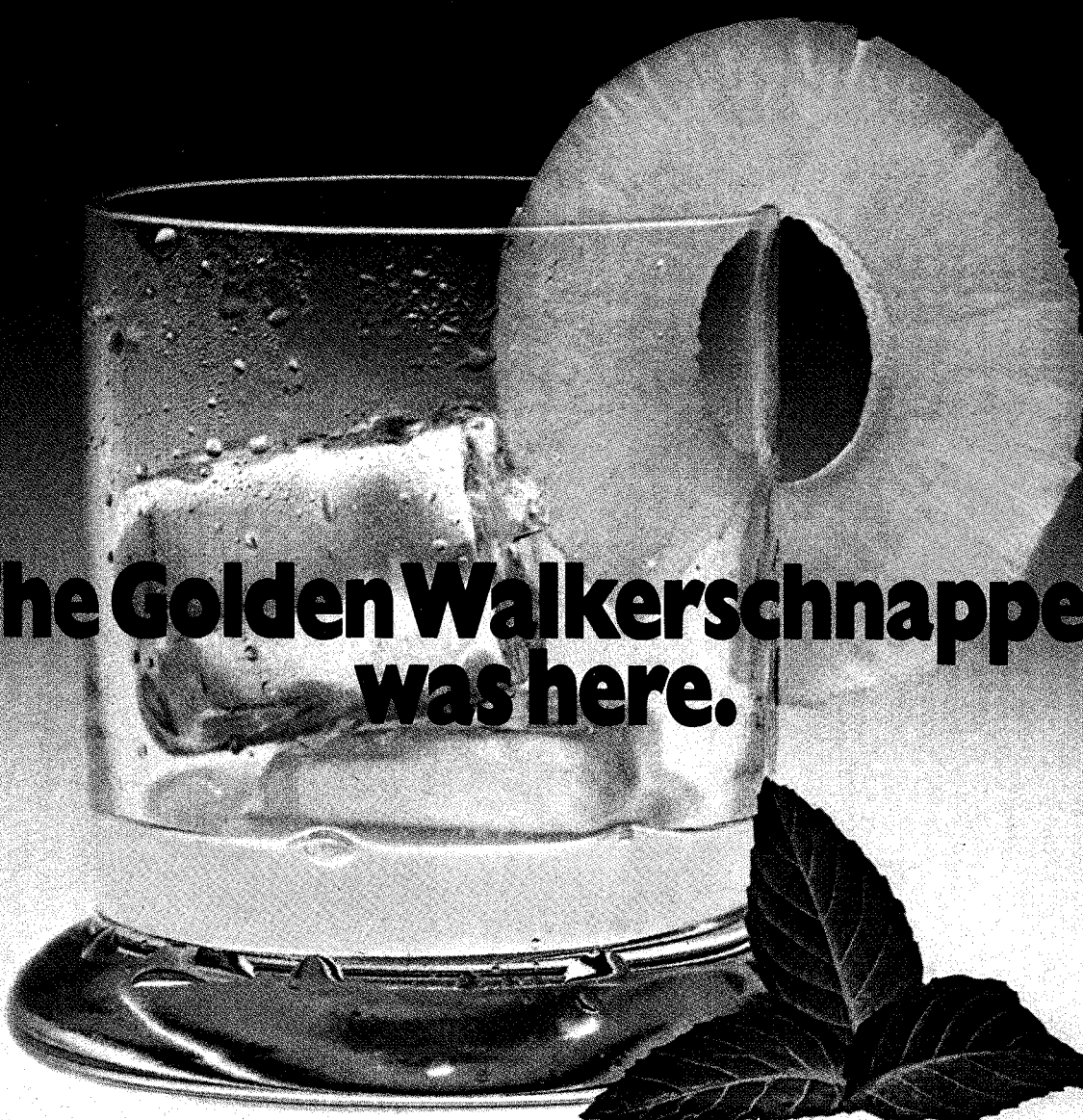
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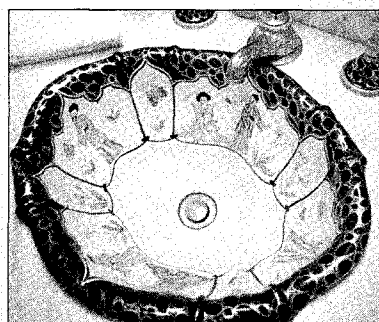
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The Most Expensive Hotel Rooms in Town

By Terry Clifford/Photographed by Paul Elson



The "best room in the house" at the Pierre, the New York Hilton, and the Waldorf Towers will cost you between \$750 and \$1,100 a night. For these prices you get assorted amenities and luxuries: an electric pants press, maybe, or fresh roses in the bathroom, or a marble fireplace, or hand-painted gold-leaf wallpaper, or a spiral staircase, or a grand piano. All prices quoted include taxes. Room service is extra.



The three-bedroom Presidential Suite at the Pierre can be yours for \$761 a night (if you're part of a large party, you can hire two connecting bedrooms for another \$120 apiece).

Here you may admire the silk-and-velvet-brocade sitting-room furniture, play backgam-

mon on the Rizzoli table, study yourself in the mirrored walls of the marble-floored foyer (all top), wash your hands in the Sherle Wagner sink (above), or gaze down 38 stories at the Central Park Zoo. One bedroom has an adjacent silk-tented boudoir and a TV hidden in a cabinet; the other bedroom's walls are covered in velvet. If you are considered important enough, the management will lay on, free, English chocolates and Dom Pérignon. They did for Richard Nixon, Princess Margaret, and Henry Kissinger.

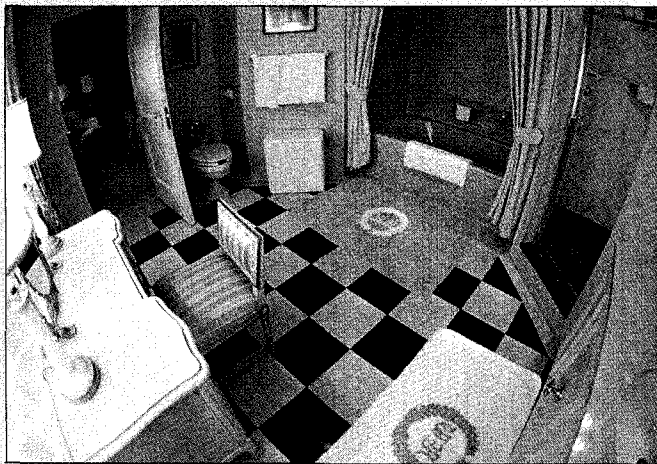
“...The West Penthouse at the Hilton has four bedrooms, its own elevator, *and* a dining room supplied with gold china...”



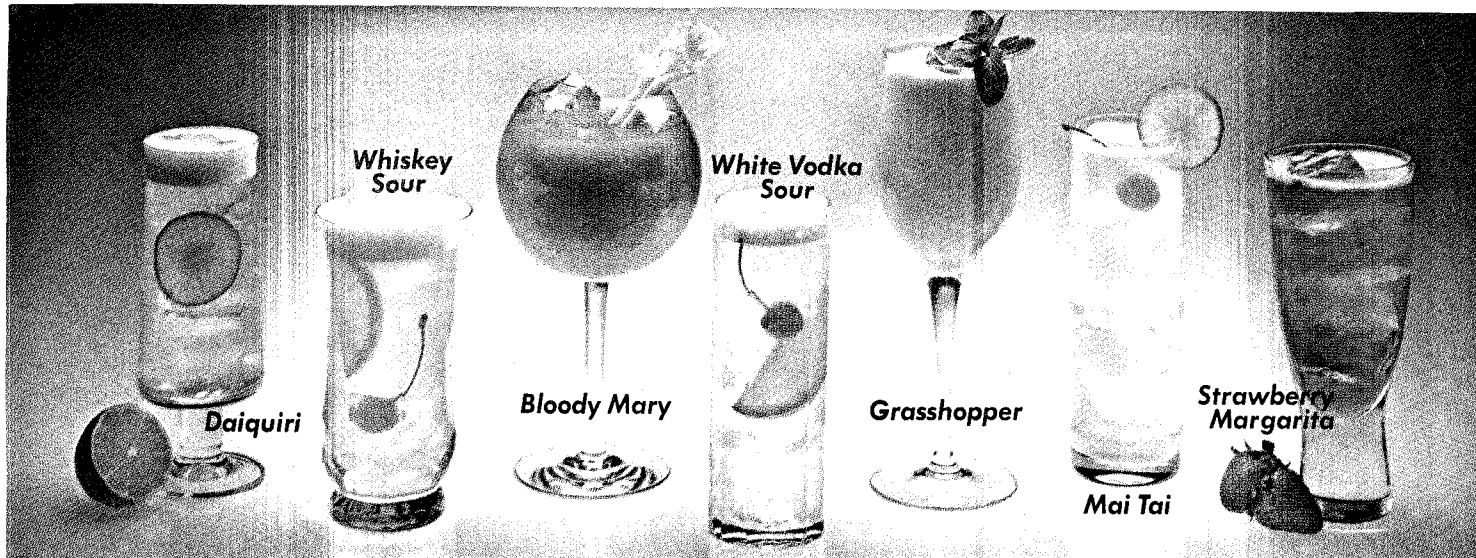
The West Penthouse at the Hilton takes up half of the hotel's forty-fifth and forty-sixth floors, as well it might for a price of \$981 a night. It is reached by a private elevator from the floor below and has a video monitor so you can screen your guests before letting them up. Visitors enter through a large reception area (right) with a spiral staircase to the floor above. The main floor has a kitchen, a double bedroom with boudoir and bath, a dining room supplied with gold china, and a 25-by-50-foot living room (above) decorated with Chinese vases, Japanese screens, a Steinway, and a conference table adapted from a Ming-dynasty altar. Huge floor-to-ceiling windows flood these rooms—and, upstairs, the sitting room and three double bedrooms with baths—with sunlight. The view is spectacular. The suite is favored by brides who like to make dramatic entrances from the circular staircase. Timid brides, and any guests afflicted with vertigo, can use the penthouse's elevator.



“...Cole Porter’s piano and a fireplace imported from England are among the furnishings at the Waldorf Towers’ Royal Suite...”



“You’re the top,/You’re a Waldorf Salad,” wrote Cole Porter, who might also have included in his song the four-room, forty-second-floor Royal Suite at the Waldorf Towers. The living room (above) is furnished with crystal chandeliers, a blue-and-white-marble fireplace imported from an English mansion, and a \$25,000 Persian rug. In one corner of this regal eagle’s nest is Porter’s own painted-fruitwood piano. The adjoining dining room, with its oval Chippendale table, its eighteenth-century Hepplewhite sideboard, its Lenox and Chinese-export porcelain, and its silk-brocade and velvet chairs, seats 25. Both bathrooms are huge; this one (left) has a view up Park Avenue. One of the two bedrooms is decorated in apricot silk and satin, to be, as the hotel put it, “soothing to Madame,” but it has also been found restful by the prime ministers of Israel and Iran. The tab for all this luxury? The highest in town—\$1,100.



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Room Service: How Firm the Bed, How Swift the Ham on Rye?

By Pat Miller

“...Room service at the Plaza was the slowest. ‘Is that *all*?’ an indignant voice said after I ordered a gin and tonic...”

New York had 16.75 million tourists last year. “It’s murder,” said one hotelier. “You stand a better chance of getting a spare room at the White House.” This year, the city expects even more visitors. What sort of treatment can they expect? Herewith, a firsthand report on visits to six leading hotels.

The first thing I discovered in my odyssey was that a reserved-in-advance room can disappear from the face of the earth. Second, that room rates quoted on the phone can increase quirkily when one presents oneself at the reservation desk. Menu and bar-tab prices seem to vary as well.

The Plaza calls itself the Grande Dame of American Hotels. This implies the Expense Fearful, so it is surprising to find you can get a single room for \$53. Naturally, the room does not include a view of the park. It does, however, include a free newspaper, but when I tried to order the *Daily News* a shocked voice said, “You’re the first person who’s ever asked for it. The clientele here is a *Times* clientele.”

The lobby resembles Grand Central during rush hour. A group of terrorists could hold a meeting there and nobody would notice. Porters are consequently leery about helping anyone toting fewer than ten cabin trunks lest it turn out to be a wily native taking a shortcut to Central Park.

Reservations took less than a minute, and this was the only hotel to send a confirmation. The front desk is incredibly efficient once you find it. Registering and checking out were super-quick.

My room was Early Indifferent. But the bathroom was gloriously Wagnerian, with huge faucets. Mirrors abounded, and the towels were enormous.

Pat Miller is the director of Cosmopolitan magazine’s foreign editions.

Room service was poor—the slowest of any hotel tested. A voice answers, “Hold on; room service is busy,” whenever you ring. A gin and tonic took 30 minutes to arrive (\$3.51 including tax), and the voice said indignantly, “Is that *all*?” The dinner menu offers eleven entrées (\$8.50 for an omelet to \$17.25 for a filet mignon) and stops at 11:30 P.M. But the “Night Owl” takes over between 12:30 and 7:30 A.M. It offers four sandwiches, chef’s salad, or a bowl of “spicy gypsy goulash” (\$8.95), which turned out to be a nice brown stew like Mother used to make. Spicy it was not. And lukewarm. Wines range from \$10 to \$35, and the list is good. A Saint-Emilion cost \$13. Coffee and an Amaretto upped the bill to \$33.57, hardly a cheap supper.

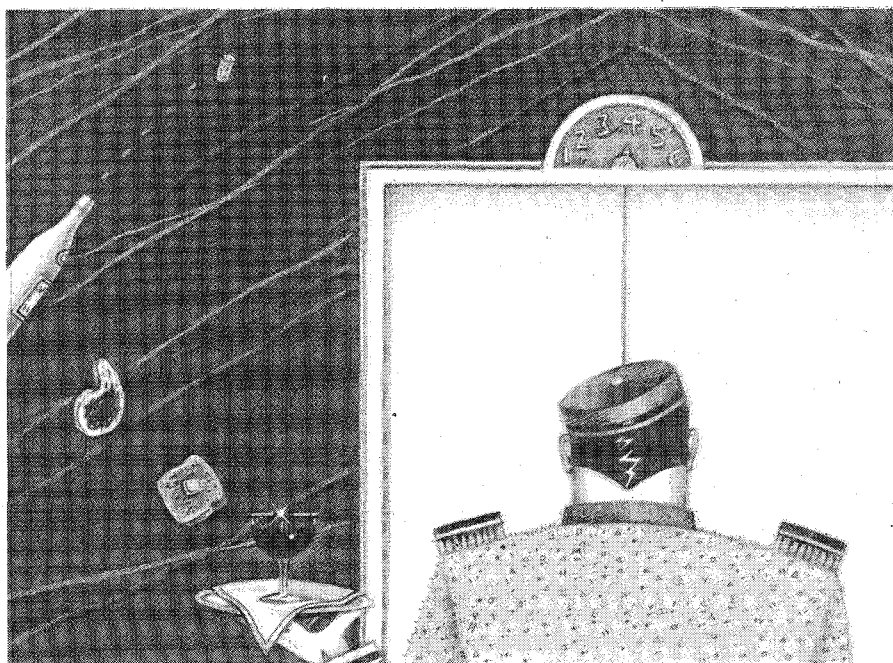
The wake-up call came promptly.

The operator called me “Mister.” The *Times* never arrived, nor did my mail (I had sent myself a letter at each hotel), but it was forwarded to my home three weeks later. Breakfast, I was admonished, would take 45 minutes “because we’re busy.” Fresh orange juice, eggs, bacon, coffee, and toast cost \$5.95—all good except the bunny-bread toast.

The total bill was \$98.83, and they forgot to include the breakfast.

The Algonquin is supposed to be eccentric, so guests are supposed to overlook its shortcomings—thus are all sins forgiven. When I called for a reservation I was told that an advance reservation had to be made between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. on weekdays. Single rooms cost \$41 to \$55.

Checking in took time because someone had pinched the only desk pen, and I met a friend in the lobby whom I





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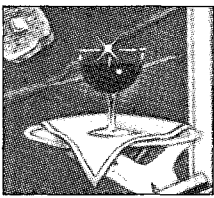
Money aside, a letter can't make you (or your relatives) feel good the way talking together can.

They don't live in Europe? Well, it's only \$9.00 or less for three minutes to Japan, Israel, Australia, or Brazil.



Bell System

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“...The U.N. Plaza gets rave notices on just about everything. Room service was spectacularly swift...”

hadn't seen for three years. Which sort of sums the place up. An aged porter showed me to the wrong room first, then told me severely that it was customary to tip the bellboy in *this* country. I snapped out a dollar.

The room was genuinely charming and pretty, with a small brass daybed, lots of pillows, and a good reading lamp. Good furniture and good prints triumphed over a worn carpet and a view of the back of West 45th Street.

For a literary hotel, the Algonquin is remarkably short on literature. One breakfast menu imprisoned under glass, a matchbook, and two postcard views constituted the entire hotel service information. There was no TV—not even a wireless—but someone had left a copy of *Variety* in the room.

The room-service charge was \$1 per person, and a gin and tonic arrived within seven minutes (\$2.27, including tax), but the room was really too small to eat in comfortably, so I tried out the late theater buffet supper, served from 9:30 P.M. to midnight. After a longish wait despite a reservation, my friend and I ordered a plate of pastрами, another of corned beef, each with a salad, and a bottle of Muscadet. With one slice of coconut cake and coffee, it cost \$48—far too expensive. But the lounge room is a pretty sight, and people were still there at 1 A.M., with no sign of surly waiters trying to get rid of them.

The bed was the hardest I'd ever slept on—stripped down to a thin ship's biscuit, one pillow, and one blanket. I was definitely back in the dorm. No wonder so many English stay here. The bath was five feet short with a raised, domed waste pipe right in the middle, which made a person careful about sitting down. The wake-up call came promptly, only seconds before someone started tearing up the street with a pneumatic drill. Breakfast took 25 minutes to arrive, but I was warned.

Honorable scars on the silver bore testimony to the Algonquin's age. Two daisies in a small carafe charmed. Orange juice was fresh; eggs, bacon, and coffee, perfect. But three miserably small pats of butter and one tiny pot of jam weren't enough to help out the toast. It cost \$8.92, including tax and tips, and the waiter asked me to push the trolley out when I'd finished—which didn't take long because two noisy maids cackled outside and there was no newspaper. Checking out was swift. The bill was \$61.99 (room, \$45).

Reserving a room at **The Park Lane** doesn't mean much. “Rooms run \$60 through \$110—it's just what's available when you come in.” Reluctantly, the clerk agreed to request a \$60 minimum.

Three porters stood by idly while I struggled to the reception desk with my bags. A young receptionist told me politely, but without apology, that they didn't have a room for me. “Twenty people didn't check out today, but we can send you to the Taft.” When I told the receptionist I wouldn't be requiring the room at the Taft, he said, “It'll be a good deal cheaper than here. You requested a \$60 minimum, and if you stayed here it could be \$110.” Light gleamed. “If I paid for a more expensive room, could I stay here?” But he was quicker than that. A good receptionist can smell trouble brewing. He shook his head firmly.

As I left, a young girl with a worried expression ran after me. “Did I hear you say you didn't want your room?” she begged anxiously. I told her she could have mine at the Taft.

The United Nations Plaza is ahead of every other hotel tested. It gets rave notices on just about everything. Reservations picked up the phone immediately, quoted \$67 to \$89 for a single room, and offered to put a hold on it if I arrived after 6 P.M. I asked for the cheapest but was offered one at \$78 or \$89 on arrival.

It's a nice feeling when a taxi pulls up outside the entrance and a doorman reaches inside to get your bags and help you out. The women at the front desk look like pretty amateurs, but the rest is streamlined German-Swiss-Bauhaus-designed efficiency.

The hotel guide was a 24-page magazine, offering everything from a bed board to a butler, and complete with arty photographs of the New York skyline, *all* of which I could see from my enormous \$78 room on the thirty-third floor. That skyline does things to people. So do spotless chrome, glass, brown leather armchairs, and a fur-covered emperor-size bed. Power, luxe—not to mention *calme et volupté*—were mine: At last I could be Audrey Hepburn in the CIA.

Room service was spectacularly swift. A gin and tonic took only two minutes to arrive (\$4.25 with tax). The menu and prices are the same for lunch and dinner, and the most expensive dish on it is sirloin steak at \$14. Dinner for two arrived in under twenty

minutes: cucumber soup in a silver bed of ice (\$1.75), fresh fruit salad with cottage cheese (\$5), and underdone lamb chops, which arrived with a baked potato, beans, carrots, and a stuffed tomato (\$10). A bit too much.

The one blot was the absence of a wine list—someone had to read it over the phone. From four Bordeaux and six Burgundies, we chose a Gevrey-Chambertin for \$18. Château Margaux cost \$45.

Later, my dieting friend, who is always eating, ordered yogurt with berries (\$3) and a plate of cheese (\$4.50). The cheese plate was irresistibly pretty—six kinds of cheese, two bunches of grapes, a perfectly sliced apple, a nose-gay of parsley, and five different biscuits. With coffee, it all cost \$11.95.

The wake-up call came right on time, and the caller got my gender right. Breakfast orders can be written out and hung on the door, but I ordered mine from room service, and it came in five minutes. Breakfast was the cheapest of any, \$4.92. Checkout is 1 P.M. The bill was \$144. And a cab was waiting.

The Sherry Netherland has a faint air of *scandale* about it. A swinging-singles bar spills into the lobby, and the elevators are prettily lacquered birdcages. A man might take a *serious* mistress here. Anything is possible.

For \$76.60 (“In advance, please; no personal checks, no credit cards”), I was led to a very large room with twin beds, but the porter noticed a mirror was down and switched me to a vast suite for the same price—a 40-foot sitting room with windows on both sides, a real fireplace, kitchen, hall, large bedroom with a walk-in closet, and a good-size bathroom with separate bath and shower. The porter seemed as pleased as I was. “Invite a few friends,” he said. So I did. They managed to walk up unannounced. Three drinks came in five minutes and cost \$8.59. It all seemed so easy, we ordered some more. See where fast living gets you.

“Personal Services” listed a masseur and masseuse (together?), nurse, physician, dentist, valet, stenographer, and a special line through to A la Vieille Russie in case you might want to buy your friends a few goodies. Room service is \$1.50 per person at lunch and dinner, \$1 at breakfast. I was told that the last order is taken at 10:30 P.M. and checkout isn't until 3 P.M. Mail was delivered, and the bed was turned down by a nice lady at 7:30 P.M.

The food was first-rate. Melon and

Washington, DC begins at the Mayflower.

\$80

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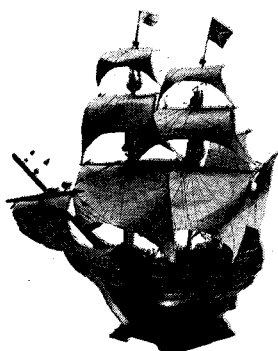
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prosciutto (\$4.50), cold saumon Gaspé
garni with sauce verte (\$9.50), endive-
and-beet salad (\$2.50) for my dieting
friend, and liver Veneziana (\$8.50) for
me were all delicious and perfectly
cooked. The wines were overpriced. A
list showed Dom Pérignon at \$55, so
we didn't have that. The cheapest was
a Ruffino Chianti at \$12. We ordered
a Pommard for \$22, but it was poor
and thin and came in two half bot-
tles. Coffee and a lemon sorbet cost
\$4.36. The waiters were faultless and
quick.

The wake-up call came promptly,
and so did a good breakfast, served
within ten minutes of ordering. The
final bill was \$82.61 on top of my ad-
vance payment. They forgot to include
the breakfast but sent the \$10.58 bill
the following week.

The St. Moritz is the kind of hotel
that frightens Europeans. Brisk, im-
personal voices quote \$49 to \$65 for
a single room. Brisk, impersonal girls
behind the reception desk each have a
phone cradled permanently on one
shoulder, do five things at the same
time, and never look at you *once*. The
roped-off aisles in the lobby remind
you of a bank during lunch hour.

All the services were first-rate: Por-
ters were there when you needed them;
waiters were concerned. A gin and tonic
(\$4.25 without tax) arrived in seven
minutes, and dinner for two came with-
in twenty.

Dinner stops at 10 P.M., but simple
steaks and chops are served until 12:30
A.M. The full menu sports everything
from frogs' legs Provençale (\$8.75) to
chicken en cocotte Beaulieu (\$7.90), all
designed to impress a Fuller Brush
man, plus strawberry shortcake (\$1.95)
and homemade apple pie à la mode
(\$2.95), in case he feels lonely. My diet-
ing friend chose melon and prosciutto
(\$4.75) and a smoked trout garni
(\$6.75), all delicious. My own poached
fillet of striped bass with hollandaise
(\$9.20) was a disaster—tasteless, bare-
ly warm, and accompanied by over-
cooked asparagus. There was no wine
list in the room. "Just tell me what you
want," said a cheery voice. A Margaux
was \$13, a Montrachet was \$19, Médoc
was \$9. The Pouilly-Fumé which we
ordered was \$14. The bill, with one
sorbet and coffee, came to \$40.75, plus
\$3.25 tax. All the waiters left receipts
so you could check the bill.

The wake-up call came on time, but
when I rang for breakfast, a voice said,
"It's gonna be a long time. The ele-
vator's out." She sounded so discour-
aging I nipped around the corner to a
coffee shop and had a 99-cent break-
fast: It seemed appropriate. The hotel's
bill was \$118.58, and they hadn't for-
gotten a thing.

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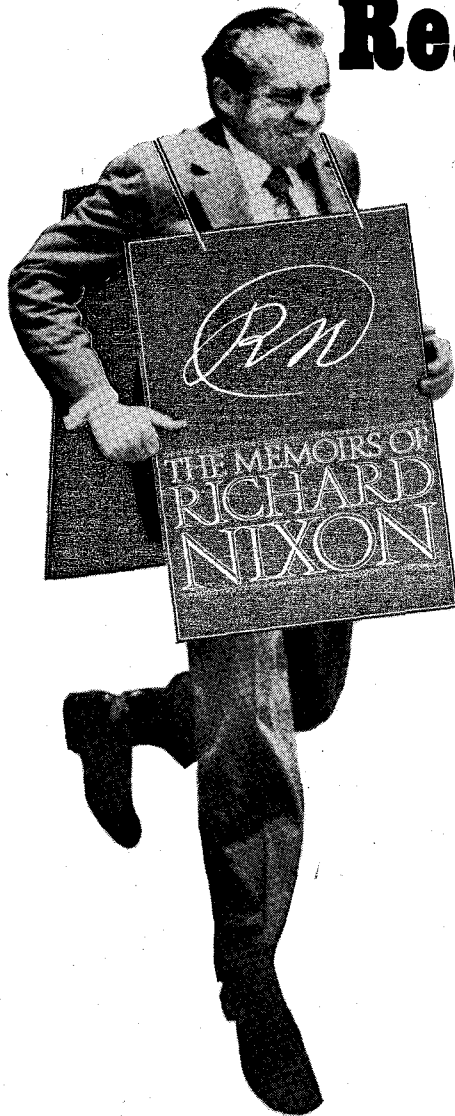


EASTERN



Why All of Us Should Read Nixon's Memoirs

By Garry Wills



Washington is ruled by Darwinian forces, and if you are in serious political trouble, you cannot expect generosity or magnanimity for long.

—RN:
The Memoirs of Richard Nixon

It is typical that some tried to boycott Richard Nixon's book. He has always brought out the worst in his enemies, who thus become book burners, if only in symbol. He inspires self-defeating actions in others—like the juggling of evidence to prove Alger Hiss innocent. His enemies always bailed him out when his friends were about to give up on him.

“...Nixon is the truth inside the John Wayne legend; that is why he should teach us...”

How is one to prevent Americans from reading Nixon? Would you keep Dorian Gray from peeking at his portrait? Why should we lose the national self-knowledge to be gained from Nixon's self-deception?

Richard Nixon has a secret tunnel he uses into this nation's psyche. He is a little man, yet undismissable; an oddity somehow rooted in our national experience—the eccentric at our center. He turns even weaknesses to strength. And in his book, he raises erratic behavior to a guiding principle. He admits what people accused him of—a “Hold me, I'm crazy!” approach to diplomacy. He traces it to advice he received from Syngman Rhee, then president of South Korea, in 1953:

“The fear that I [Rhee] may start some action is a constant check on the Communists. We are being very frank now, you and I, so you should know that the Communists think that America wants peace so badly that you will do anything to get it. At times, I am afraid that they are right. But they do not think that this is true as far as I am concerned, and I believe that you would be wrong to dispel their doubts in that respect.”

This became one of those epiphanies Nixon was always receiving from the world's rulers. It taught him “the importance of being unpredictable in dealing with the Communists.” He applied that lesson in the period of the Christmas bombing of 1972, when a directive to Kissinger put the “hold me” threat in diplomatic language:

“If they [the North Vietnamese] were surprised that the President would take the strong action he did prior to the Moscow Summit

[mining Haiphong Harbor] and prior to the election [calling off talks], they will find now, with the election behind us, he will take whatever action he considers necessary to protect the United States' interest.”

In short: “You ain't seen nothin' yet.”

It is typical of Nixon's “lessons” from past experience that he ended up inverting Rhee's advice. Rhee said it was useful to have a “loose cannon” out among American allies. But when Premier Thieu of South Vietnam took up the Rhee role, Nixon had to bomb Haiphong to make Saigon less “unpredictable.” The whole ship was sent reeling to tie up its “loose cannon.” It was a fitting capstone to the erratic Vietnam war that Nixon still finds eminently sensible. And it was all part of Nixon's private drama by the end.

Why should that inner drama still compel? What public hold does it have on us? Nixon told one of those who read his uncut manuscript that it would differ from other presidential memoirs by being in one volume. The boast was erroneous but significant. Most people would just as soon do without a millionth retelling of the Checkers speech or the Hiss case. We replot the ground of *Six Crises*. But that circling back is necessary with Nixon.

He tells us he learned from adversity how to survive—while all the time adversity was making his downfall inevitable. He was right to seek the origin of later trouble in his earlier crises. But in each case he drew the wrong moral from the crisis—as Rhee taught him first to overestimate and then to betray a Thieu.

Nixon hovers obsessively over certain episodes of his life—the Hiss case, the fund scandal, the Eisenhower relation-

ship (now crystallized symbolically in Ike's treatment of Sherman Adams), the loss to Kennedy. These are important, not for the reason he gives—as learning experiences. After all, he always learns the wrong thing. They are important because they happened to him, aroused those emotions in him and toward him over which he repeatedly warms his hands. For such a partial and maimed man, he has a rich inner activity derived from these moments of higher pitch and strain. Though he rightly scoffs at those who called his downfall a wish fulfillment, there is something in Nixon that will purchase drama at whatever cost.

The teary last days are dwelt on here almost lovingly. He calls Ollie Atkins in to record the human devastation with his camera. Nixon's family becomes a Vietnamese village—he had to destroy it in order to save it.

There was to Nixon's whole career a contracted intensity, much bustle in little room. He was so absorbed in his own drama that he did not know the names or even the number of children in the Haldeman family—though Bob Haldeman was the man closest to him in his presidential years. He beheld his own demise with such fascination he could not break off to inform his family that he was resigning. He sent Rose Mary Woods to do it.

This isolation, pitiful from one aspect, had a kind of lonely courage to it as well—a totality of concentration, a purity almost like a child's in the early stages of self-awareness. It also spoke to a deep urge in the American character, voiced by that prophet of social Darwinism, William Graham Sumner: "The relation, therefore, between each man's needs and each man's energy, or 'individualism,' is the first fact of human life." The lone man in forest or frontier, the rootless "private eye" or cowboy, the moving norm in an aberrant world, the traveling private agent of public order, is the leading character of our half-conscious psychic dramaturgy. In America, the yearning for freedom moves toward loneliness, toward isolation.

Sumner again: "It is a humane and rational view of things that each life shall stand for itself alone and not be weighted by the faults of another." Nixon, drawing on Theodore Roosevelt's phrase, repeatedly called his the life of the "man in the arena"—the center of all eyes, exposed, ringed with a distancing space, standing alone if at all. "I have shown already that a free man cannot take a favor. One who takes a favor or submits to patronage demeans himself." No one can reach across the cleared space to help the embattled individual, just to hurt.

Even Sumner had to admit that the survival of the fittest could be hampered by the intrusion of sheer accident into the competitive "market": "There is no man who is honest and industrious who cannot put himself in a way to maintain himself and his family, misfortune apart, in a condition of substantial comfort." Nixon failed, though he felt he was fitter than his opponents. So "misfortune" was rigging the struggle, making it go to the less meritorious. When that happens, the "hired gun" has to compensate for the law's formal inadequacies. Nixon's



Nixon's gambit: "Hold me, I'm crazy."

conscious rectitude in this compensatory tampering is what makes him so candid in vindictiveness. After his 1960 defeat, he made a pledge to himself that led straight to his own downfall:

We were faced by an organization that had equal dedication and unlimited money that was led by the most ruthless group of political operators ever mobilized for a presidential campaign. Kennedy's organization approached campaign dirty tricks with a roguish relish and carried them off with an insouciance that captivated many politicians and overcame the critical faculties of many reporters. I should have anticipated what was coming as I observed some of what went on in Kennedy's brilliant but coldly mechanical destruction of Hubert Humphrey in the primaries. . . . From this point on I had the wisdom and wariness of someone who had been burned by the power of the Kennedys and their money and by the license they were given by the media. I vowed that I would never again enter an election at a disadvantage by being vulnerable to them—or anyone—on the level of political tactics.

Nixon is actually proud of mean exploits. He tells, in *Six Crises*, how satisfied he felt as he kicked a Peruvian demonstrator while a Secret Service man held the demonstrator's arms. The kick may have been understand-

able in the situation. So may the satisfaction. But who would boast of it, years later, in print? That story disappears in his new account of the South American trip. But his pride in having "told off" the press in 1962 is voiced. And we are given a fierce account of his reaction to the Watergate break-in.

At first Nixon is indignant that people could suspect a president of the United States of planning a petty (not to say dumb) break-in. The idea makes him so mad that he starts planning petty, dumb "plants" and lies. "I said that every time the Democrats accused us of bugging we should charge that we were being bugged and maybe even plant a bug and find it ourselves!" Haldeman is entirely plausible when he claims that many such schemes, hatched by Nixon, were quietly allowed to die by his underlings, and Nixon here admits that he cannot be sure he did not order the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. The existence of so many tapes and papers may inhibit straight denial of such knowledge, but why did he have to bring the matter up? No doubt editorial advisers Frank Gannon and Ray Price tried, like literary Haldemans, to remove such admissions from the book—and succeeded part of the time (no more kicking of Peruvians). But no one can prevent Nixon from self-revelation. It is part of his hold upon us and the real source of his appeal to those who backed him and still back him.

In the troubled sixties, much of America felt aggrieved. Kids, blacks, rioters, peaceniks, professors, were ruining the nation, mocking respectable people. Nixon voiced their resentment and actually did it with more nuance and restraint than some others—George Wallace, say, or Spiro Agnew. His followers will believe the even more careful nuancing of his message in this book. He only did what others had already done to him, and he is at least honest about his faults. "It is a jungle out there," American competitors tell us, from the jungle inside themselves. Boycott the book? I would make it required reading for any serious student of America.

Nixon is important because he lets out the truth behind individualist competition—the meanness implied in "equal opportunity" to win or fail on the marketplace of human value. Sumner wrote that the necessary correlative of deserved success is deserved (and branded) failure. Richard Nixon is actually the truth inside the John Wayne legend. That is why he fascinates, and should; frightens, and should; and why he should teach us, but probably won't.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Anyone Can Wiffle

In May the tournament began, so there is a winning team and a runner-up team of ten- to twelve-year-old Wiffle Ball champions. On Friday, they'll play an even bigger game—with Rusty Staub on one team, Chris Chambliss and Willie Randolph on the other.

POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE'S WIFFLE BALL EXHIBITION GAME/June 30 at 10 a.m. DeWitt Clinton Park/Eleventh Avenue and 54th Street

Sunday Punch

It is the best of the worst from every Sunday newspaper in every town from sea to shining sea. It is every section ("Leisure," "Travel," "Metro," "Sports," "Living Life") and the comics, the magazine, and the supplements (right). It is every bad printing job. It is every dumb column ("Housewife Humor," "The Family Dentist," "Action Finger," "Today's Paperboy") and inept review ("Blazing Jews, a Film by Mel Brooks"), every interview, ad, and feature (LOCAL TRAVEL AGENCY OFFERS LAETRILE TOUR). It is the Sunday Newspaper Parody—via the Dacron Republican-Democrat—and the funniest thing the *Lampoon* has ever done.

NATIONAL LAMPOON SUNDAY NEWSPAPER PARODY/At newsstands/\$4.95



Toot Suite

Married you can always get, but married in a private railroad car—with a reception on board and a six-day honeymoon trip to New Orleans—you always cannot. *The Hampton Roads* was originally built in 1927 and gussied up in 1942 for the president of the Southern Railway. Its master bedroom features a double bed and mahogany built-in bureaus with drawers lined in red velvet; there are also additional sleeping accommodations for two (in the event the bride and groom take a staff), a dining room, kitchen, parlor, and a platform for making whistle-stop speeches (in the event the bride and groom run for office). The total cost—including food, drink, chef, and steward . . . but not the parson—is \$15,000.

THE HAMPTON ROADS/Tenth House Enterprises, Inc./737-7536



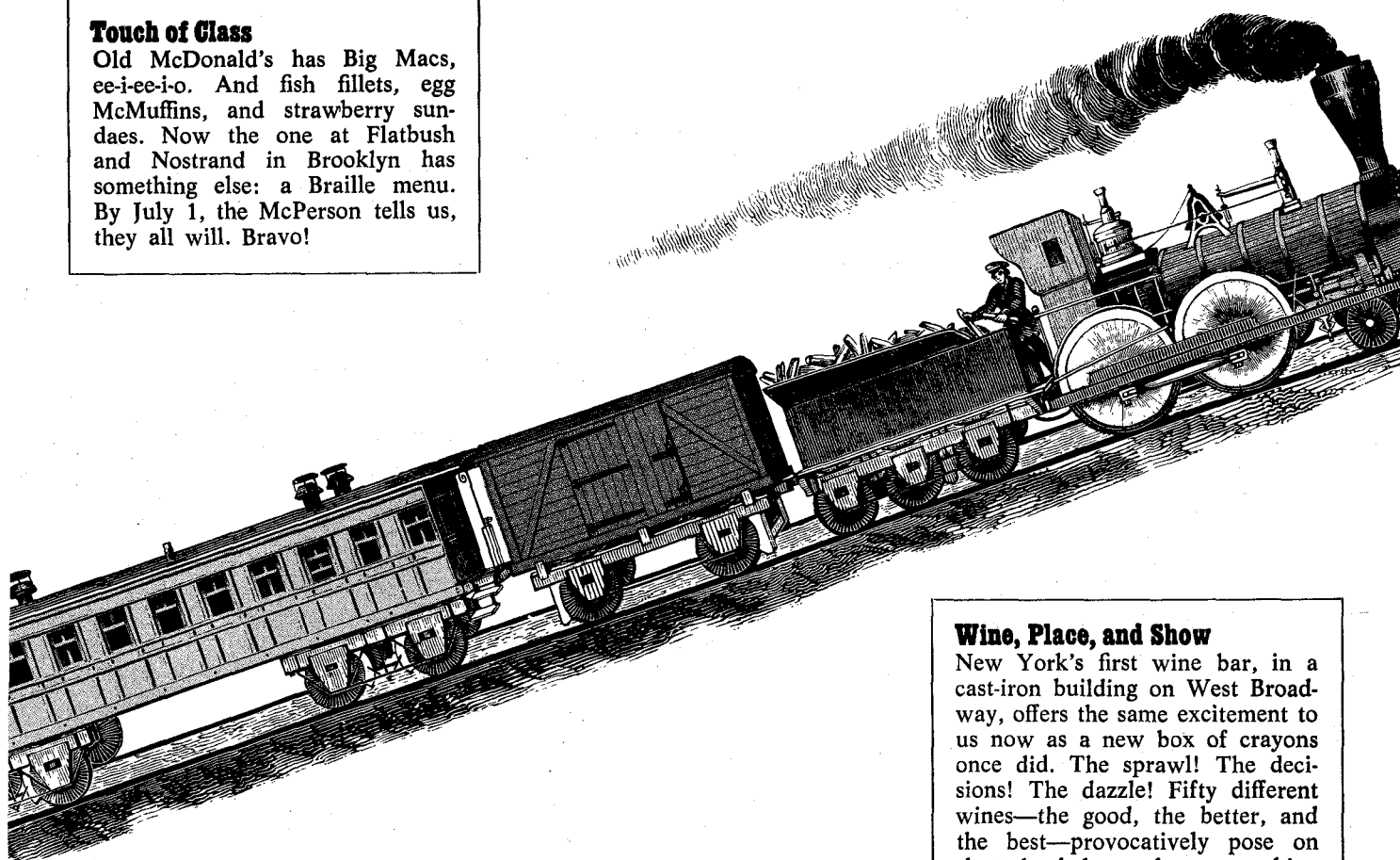
King's Go Forth

"The closest thing we had to the theater in our family tree was a couple of ministers," says Henry King, who changed all that. Since 1915, he has written, acted in, or directed 117 movies—of which the directees are clearly the most memorable. Now he is 90, and MOMA will pay kingly homage with a 45-film fest, including *Tol'able David*, *Stella Dallas*, *The White Sister*, *State Fair*, *Stanley and Livingstone*, *The Song of Bernadette*, *A Bell for Adano*, *The Gunfighter*, *Carousel* (left), and *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain* (King's own favorite—about a preacher and his congregation, naturally).

HENRY KING RETROSPECTIVE/June 30–August 15/Museum of Modern Art

Touch of Class

Old McDonald's has Big Macs, ee-i-ee-i-o. And fish fillets, egg McMuffins, and strawberry sundaes. Now the one at Flatbush and Nostrand in Brooklyn has something else: a Braille menu. By July 1, the McPerson tells us, they all will. Bravo!



Old Salt

The cobblestones are still there, and the smell of the river. But the pulse and jangle of South Street in its heyday are gone. So pretend. The Seaport Museum will install photomurals of peddlers, clippers, and docks; artifacts such as carts and lampposts; and a sound track of wheels, hooves, gulls, shouts, bells, and sail flaps. *Time and Again* it isn't, but it tries.

THE AFTERNOON OF SAIL/July 1-Labor Day/Seaport Gallery/215 Water Street

O Say Can You See Them?

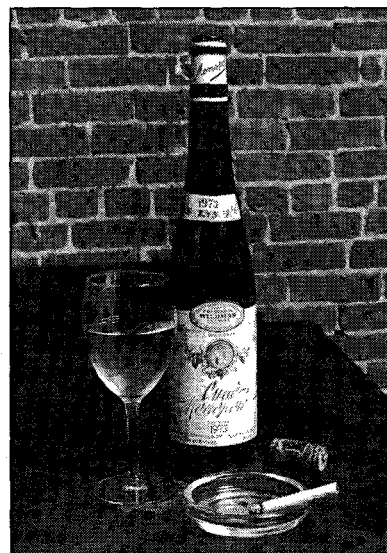
"Personally, I think nationalism is a terrible thing because it separates people—and here I am selling flags!" says Carl Calo, the amiable young ace at Ace Banner & Flag. "But I will make any flag that anybody wants. Because I'm dealing with international subjects, I can't be political." Calo sells flags of all nations (ranging in price and intricacy from \$10.50 for Italy to \$102 for El Salvador), beauty-pageant sashes, banners (for such clients as *Bleacher Bums* at the American Place, Le Figaro Café, Phillips Auctioneers, and Faneuil Hall), pennants (some of which were waved in *King Kong*), armbands, emblems, patches, buttons, gavels, and weather vanes. Most banners and flags are made on the premises; this is a small, buzzing, old-New York factory-cum-shop. Cartons of flocking (which Calo sells for \$4.50 a pound); mountains of cotton, felt, and nylon; silk screens and printing paraphernalia share space with Rube Goldberg-ish worktables and drying racks that were concocted by the man who established the firm in 1916. In June, everything is busting out all over, what with trophies here, marine flags there, and July Fourth coming. Note that Ace is the place for American flags of all sizes. Most in demand are the three-by-fives; they range from \$5 for a cotton flag, all printed, with grommets, to \$32.50 for a nylon flag with sewn stripes, embroidered stars, gold fringe, and a pole hem.

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Wine, Place, and Show

New York's first wine bar, in a cast-iron building on West Broadway, offers the same excitement to us now as a new box of crayons once did. The sprawl! The decisions! The dazzle! Fifty different wines—the good, the better, and the best—provocatively pose on slanted shelves along a white-washed brick wall . . . ready to be taken by the glass (\$1.50-\$3), the half or the whole bottle. It's such a fine idea, but it is not, alas, a pristine one. The bar will also serve one scotch, one vodka, one gin, and one bourbon, and cognacs, brandies, sparkling waters, coffees, and charcuterie.

THE WINE BAR IN SOHO/422 West Broadway/Opens the first week in July



Music/Alan Rich

AND POPS OF SILLERY THEIR LIGHT ARTILLERY

"...Where would English be today, if not for W.S. Gilbert? We'd all be talking Tennyson and putting each other to sleep..."

If I had my life to live over, with better control over its direction, it would be as a star performer with a Gilbert and Sullivan company. Matters not what roles; Mozart is said to have hated tenors, and Puccini never discovered the mezzo-soprano, but Arthur Sullivan was generous to all voices. He was not only generous; he was also kind. No other composer made the English language more fun to sing.

This goes a long way, I think, to explain the peculiar relationship that exists between the Savoy operettas and their hearers. Friends who have gone with me to performances of Italian operas and German lieder tell me that my behavior is generally respectable. But nobody will go to Gilbert and Sullivan with me, because I sing along—discreetly, of course, but audibly. There is no collaboration in musical theater—not Mozart and da Ponte, not even Sondheim and himself—in which a composer could so brilliantly capture the verbal rise and fall, the immaculate command of nuance, the sublime grasp of character portrayal in a colleague's text. Gilbert's lyrics, written over a century ago when the tenets of Victorianism—the dirty little secret, as D. H. Lawrence called it—hobbled poets and prose writers alike, flow along in the contemporary theater with infectious naturalness.

Where would the English language be today, but for the ministrations of free spirits like W. S. Gilbert and Oscar Wilde, whose greatest skill was their ability to puncture artifice? There wouldn't be any London Times crossword puzzles. We'd probably all be speaking to one another in the language of Tennyson and putting each other to sleep. Instead, we sing along and speak along at performances of *The Mikado* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, simply because the words make our mouths feel good.

There's a wonderful moment in *Iolanthe* that may illustrate what I mean. At the end of Act One, chorus of fairies and chorus of peers are at loggerheads, for reasons it would take all this page to explain. Peers thunder their defiance on a rhythmic monotone:

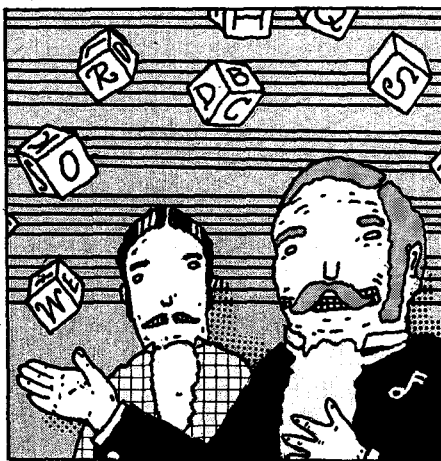
"Our lordly style/You shall not quench/
With base *canaille!*" Fairies, in the same rhythm, but with a gently arching cadential phrase: "That word is French." Peers: "Distinction ebbs/
Before a herd/Of vulgar *plebs!*" Fairies: "A Latin word." Peers: "T'would fill with joy/And madness stark/The *hoi polloi!*" Fairies: "A Greek remark." Then, peers and fairies exchange texts and repeat the sequence. What a charming idea: an argument without interlock, thunder defused by triviality! The cleverness is not only Gilbert's; it lies equally in the subtle way Sullivan both knits the two lines together and forces them apart.

For English-speaking audiences, these operettas bring their particular kind of artistry to the highest level. Offenbach, with his collaborators Meilhac and Halévy, accomplished the same in French, and with the same level of imagination; translate Offenbach into English, or Gilbert and Sullivan into some Continental tongue, and you come out with nothing but the story line (substance enough!) and with none of the spirited playing with words themselves that gives these works their special joy. Serious comic opera—even the best of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, or Wagner—never indulges in the wordplay that is operetta's special province. The best lyricists of the American musical theater owe nothing to *Figaro* or *Falstaff*, but everything to the wacky rhyming conceits of Gilbert, the gorgeous French puns in

Meilhac-Halévy's best librettos.

The d'Oyly Cartes come to town on July 18, with their pristine G&S manner preserved like a mastodon in a block of ice. There has been a lot of grumbling among Believers in recent years about the condition of the company, and on their last visit here the grumbling often rose to a roar; people afflicted with age and memory cling to ancient idols, and the likes of Martyn Green, Sidney Granville, Ella Hallman, and the other bygone stars are hard to replace. In one area, however, the company remains supreme: Their sense of honoring the Gilbert texts outweighs such matters as vocal quality. New York is being badly shortchanged; the company is here only for a week, and with only four operettas. Earlier this year there was a two-month stand at Kennedy Center with a far more generous repertory. Oh well. . . .

In between d'Oyly Carte visits, the situation in New York is fairly grim. The one permanent operetta company, Light Opera of Manhattan, has fallen upon unhappy days. Ray Allen, its leading comic singer, has let himself be made a Star, with a degree of self-indulgence that director William Mount-Burke seems unable or unwilling to control; besides, the company seems to be moving away from the Savoy repertory. The best local G&S talent is concentrated in the semi-pro Village Light Opera Group, but even they have been messing around with non-G&S repertory of late. (I did love their *Desert Song* last month, however.) The best New York-based troupe, Bob Singer's Manhattan Savoyards, never perform in the city, although they're worth chasing. (*Patience* in Castleton, Vermont, on July 7 and at Chautauqua on August 19; *Mikado* in Glen Cove on August 13.) From some of the VLOG and Savoyard people, a permanent New York company of quality *could* be formed: Judith Inglis for the heroines, Marc Beudert for the heroes, the splendid Jocelyn Wilkes for the "heavies," Ronald Noll as conductor. Meanwhile, there is that brief d'Oyly Carte visit, for refreshment at the source. Modified rapture!



Art/John Ashbery

FORGING AHEAD

“... Future generations of forgers will be copying the Spanish Forger. His paintings are continually being discovered ...”

One of the most disturbing art exhibitions of this end-of-season is taking place not in some walk-up gallery on the fringes of TriBeCa but amid the august and somnolent splendors of the **Morgan Library** (29 East 36th Street). It's a collection of fake medieval panel paintings and illuminations by an anonymous counterfeiter. Although its intentions are purely documentary, the show challenges one's notions of art much more successfully than the avant-garde has been able to recently.

I usually deal summarily with this sort of challenge. Confronted by a cord stretched taut between the ceiling and floor of a gallery, I tend to step around it rather than re-examine my conception of “space.” Faced with a collection of fakes whose sole intention is to look authentic, I'm caught off guard. Is it permissible to react to their sometimes considerable aesthetic qualities? Or is art really art only when it's “genuine”?

These questions have occurred to me before in the presence of isolated examples of distinguished forgeries, such as van Meegeren's Vermeers or the Met's famous Etruscan warrior. But at the Morgan one is surrounded by bogus art, about 75 pieces in all, and the collective result of so much skill, industry, and even artistry in the service of a bad cause is disorienting. These works were once considered works of art; they were acquired as such by distinguished collections, including the Morgan itself; presumably they triggered aesthetic responses in spectators, just as other undetected works of the forger are doing right now. Yet, due to the accidental discovery of their origin, they are now taboo.

Nothing is known about the forger's identity, except that he probably wasn't Spanish and was perhaps French or at least based in France. The Spanish sobriquet was supplied by the Morgan Library's first director, Belle da Costa Greene, who discovered that a painting of St. Ursula, previously thought to be the work of a Spanish painter, was a fake. During the 1930s she was able to identify fourteen pictures as the handiwork of the same forger or workshop of forgers. Today about 150 have been



Fabulous fake: Man Serenading a Woman in a Tower at Night, 8.92 by 5.68 inches, by the *Spanish Forger*, an anonymous counterfeiter of medieval art. At the Morgan Library.

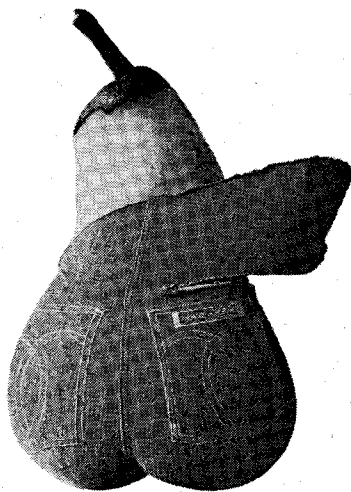
identified, and more are continually being discovered.

In addition to certain stylistic and thematic similarities (a predilection for stock scenes of hunting and falconry, music, feasting, courtly love, tournaments, etc.), the forger's works are frequently plagiarized from a common source, a series of books on medieval and Renaissance culture by Paul Lacroix, which appeared in France between 1869 and 1882. The illustrations

for these popular volumes helped confirm a taste for a sweetened and romanticized version of medieval art, and so provided the forger with not only motifs and a style but a potential market as well.

One of the first collectors to be stung was J. P. Morgan himself, who in 1909 acquired an antiphonary of 114 leaves with eleven large miniatures from a New York dealer who sold it to him as English. Here, as elsewhere, the

Bottoms up!



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forger had taken unillustrated leaves from medieval liturgical works (in this case, an entire volume), erased some of the text, and enriched them with miniatures and illuminated initials.

He also compounded errors in iconography in ways that ought to have been glaringly evident to anyone with moderate expertise. Besides the gaps in the text caused by the erasures, there is frequently no relation between the text and the illustrations. For example, the miniature in the Morgan antiphony which precedes the text for the Feast of St. Stephen depicts a flagellation instead of a lapidation.

Elsewhere, sacred and secular imagery are muddled together, or the precautions the forger took to make his work look old immediately give him away. His crackled surfaces are noticeably on the gesso ground and not the pigment overlying it. One panel supposedly depicting Charles VII and Agnes Sorel (which was attributed to a fifteenth-century French painter as recently as 1945 in an article in *Connoisseur*) is painted on decayed, worm-eaten wood, yet the painting itself looks unaccountably fresh and well preserved.

One of the most beautiful, and therefore troublesome, works shown is a painting of a *City Under Siege*. It is an ambitious, complicated work. In the right half, an army is swarming over the ramparts of a town which is also being besieged by ships; in the left, a ceremonial procession is entering the town unimpeded; behind is a limpid, Disney World cityscape.

The painting was once attributed to Pedro Nisart, a fifteenth-century Majorcan painter. This was disputed in the 1930s by the distinguished authority on Spanish painting, Chandler Post, who gave it instead to a Flemish follower of Dieric Bouts who was "a better-trained craftsman" than Nisart. (Fantasy must enter into the game of attributions much more often than art historians, who like to think of their specialty as an exact science, would concede.)

There seems no reason not to let oneself respond to this picture as a work of art and as a fake. That, in fact, is what is happening to the forger's output—it is being collected as the work of the Spanish Forger, and prices are rising. A record was established at a PB 84 auction recently when a triptych by him brought \$1,100. It's probably more fun to own a work by this mysterious charlatan than an anonymous medieval painting of no great distinction. Perhaps future generations of forgers will be forging the Spanish Forger's works. (Through July 29.)

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Changes: Detail from David Middaugh's drawing *Fluff, Fly, and the Birdman*.

A more orthodox attack on our fast-congealing sensibilities is under way at the New School's New Museum (65 Fifth Avenue, near 14th Street), which recently put on a show called "Bad Painting." This one is called **New Work/New York**. Once again, the curators (Susan Logan, Allan Schwartzman, and Marcia Tucker, this time) have rounded up some provocative work by relatively unknown artists.

Perhaps the most exciting find here is David Middaugh, especially in a large work in colored pencil called *Fluff, Fly, and the Birdman*. Seventeen vertical strips of paper are mounted side by side; the drawings on them record the continual metamorphoses of three people into other things: objects, rodents, one another. The colors and distortions are sharp and hallucinogenic. Middaugh purposely uses a style that is close to slick illustration, like that of a Norman Rockwell with a taste for psychedelic experiments. Obviously he can do anything he wants to do and is doing just that.

So striking is Middaugh that the other, more reserved artists in this show might easily go ignored. This would be too bad, especially in the case of Steve Keister's suspended sculptures—bits of wood, like pastel-painted spools or fishing floats, threaded on wires—and Lynne Elton's oddly inert ones that suggest bricks from another planet. Susan Dallas's light projections, Fred Smith's garishly painted wooden zigzag sculptures, and Jeff Way's sophisticated "primitive" paintings round out this showcase of bright and bizarre new talent. (Through July 8.)

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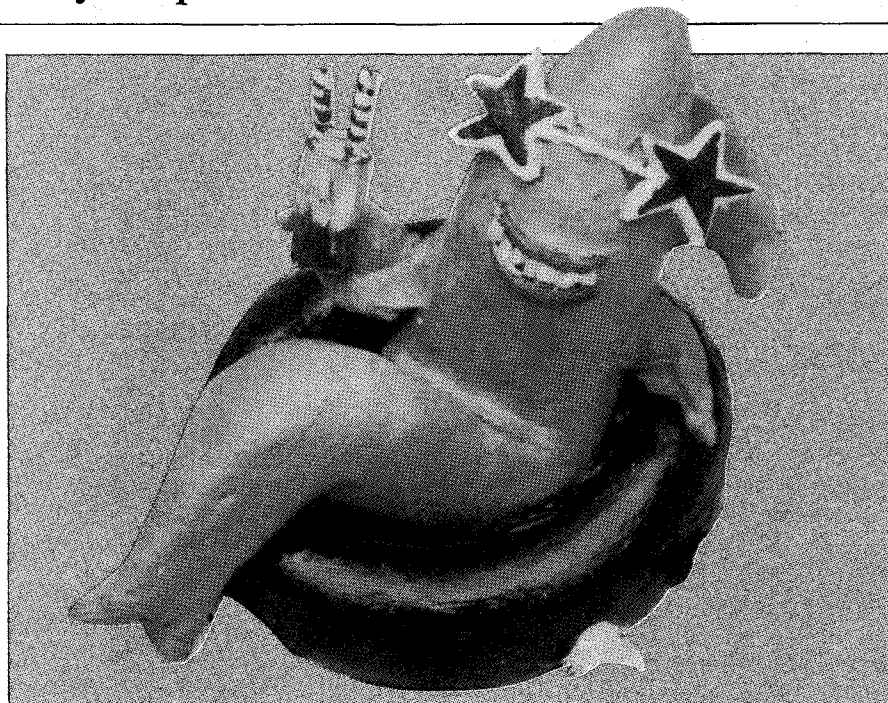
“... *Jaws 2* is a sumptuous entertainment that offers the eye and ear more than is necessary to pass the time between bites...”

With *Jaws 2*, we are back on the mythical resort island of Amity, that Hollywood hybrid of Martha's Vineyard elitism and Fort Lauderdale juvenility. For all the terrors Amity holds as a popular shark hangout, there is something reassuringly familiar in the sight of those white frame houses, the tacky overweight tourists, youngsters in rampant puberty, the corrupt city council, the honest police chief, the real and figurative sharks in what the film industry inevitably sees as a microcosm of the real world.

The repetition factor is, of course, the appeal of the sequel. Like the television series, it offers an illusion of continuity in a world of constant uprooting and change. Instead of having to meet and get to know new characters, we are greeted by familiar faces, a surrogate family. The advantage to producers is obvious: They have only to dust off the old sets, crank up the mechanical marvels, recruit as many of the cast of Part I as are available, dispense with those who are not in a line or two, and, with no need for lengthy exposition or establishing sequences, get on with the show.

But such merchandising tactics along with T-shirt and toy tie-ins shouldn't lead critics to snort too loudly with middlebrow contempt or dismiss the sequel out of hand. As Coppola demonstrated with *Godfather II*, there is nothing inherently ridiculous about the sequel, either artistically or commercially. There are, in fact, interesting narrative possibilities in taking a set of givens and recasting them, pursuing for one more step, generation, or decade the consequences of characters' previous actions. If *Jaws 2* director Jeannot Szwarc and screenwriters Carl Gottlieb and Howard Sackler pursue their shark-versus-man story only half a step, at least it is not a clone off Steven Spielberg's blockbuster original. Rather, *Jaws 2* is a sumptuous summer entertainment that offers the eye and ear more than is strictly necessary to pass the time between bites.

With his ingenious orchestration of film elements in the Eisenstein-Pavlovian manner, Spielberg created an effi-



cient shock machine, while the virtues of *Jaws 2* lie in a more leisurely and subtle approach to its human adventure. The opening scene—a gala kick-off dance for a new condominium complex that introduces a number of characters gracefully and economically—is ironic without being derisive, while the lovely seascapes and watery depths have a benign pull of their own. All of this is secondary to the main question: With its more relaxed rhythms, is *Jaws 2* as scary as its predecessor? I would say yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you go for prolonged anxiety of the slow twist-in-the-wind variety, wherein getting to know your victim is essential, then you'll miss the sadism of the original. But if, like me, you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws 2* is your poison.

Once again, the music of John Williams cues us to the shark's approach and intentions long before he materializes, but the effect is completely different. The shark, shot from the menacing frontal-dental view rather than from the sideways and accompanying view preferred by Spielberg, makes his sorties on victims whose personalities are

only dimly felt—a helicopter captain here, a teenage girl there, a killer whale, and—in a typically American anti-sex reflex—the make-out kid who strays with his girl far from the non-petting crowd. There is no one whose death brings on the exultation provided by Robert Shaw's demise in the earlier film, though collectively the teenagers who scream hysterically and nonstop come close to making us side with the shark. (I wonder about the financial wisdom of this group portrait. Will the kids who are presumably the prime audience for the movie appreciate this image of themselves as passive and helpless, or don't they prefer the rather more positive fantasies of *Star Wars'* kid heroics?)

Repeaters in the cast, still “based on characters created by Peter Benchley,” are Roy Scheider as police chief Brody, Lorraine Gary as his wife, Murray Hamilton as his enemy, the pussyfooting mayor, and the toothy wonder as his arch antagonist, an agent of death toward whom his feelings have become curiously, if subconsciously, ambivalent. There is a mad gleam in his eye, a hint of an Ahab obsession, perhaps inherited from Robert

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"...MOMA's show is a testament to the intricacies of the set designer's craft..."

Shaw's old sea salt. As Scheider/Brody looks out over the horizon from his shark watch, his Roman profile pointed out to sea like a boat's figurehead, he seems almost to want the shark to materialize. He has crossed over into the realm of the fanatics where the line between the fool and the teller-of-truth is thin indeed. For the sake of his reputation, not to mention his job, Brody needs to produce ocular proof of a shark, particularly after a mortifying incident in which he shoos a bunch of bathers out of the water at gunpoint for what turns out to be a school of bluefish. This is what is known as a vested interest in disaster, and it reminds me of the situation in which the New York weather forecasters found themselves last January when, after failing to predict the first blizzard, they were determined the second one should be as punctual and as nasty as they had predicted. They reportedly had a few anxious hours when it looked as if it might bypass the city altogether.

I don't need to tell you that there wouldn't be a movie if chief Brody's fears weren't amply realized, and in fairly bloody detail. No longer the land-lubber of Part I, Brody takes to the water with what seems like exquisite relief. Perhaps his affinity for the shark's frankly carnivorous ways is understandable given the underhanded methods of his colleagues. Despite the nasty advertising slogan—"Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water"—this film obviously believes that sharks on land are infinitely more slippery and nefarious than the ones at sea. And who am I to disagree?

The art directors and production designers are no longer the unsung heroes of the movie screen, thanks to a wonderful exhibit in the auditorium gallery of the Museum of Modern Art. It will be on view through September 26, but don't let that lull you into postponing a visit. Assembled by Mary Corliss of the Museum's Film Department in consultation with Carlos Clarens, this selection of designs, stills, and actual storyboards is both testament to and explanation of the intricacies of the set designer's craft.

Reminders of never-never lands like Xanadu, Manderley, the chamber of Young Frankenstein, and the Yellow Brick Road hang alongside the remotely possible—the interiors of *Top Hat* and *Citizen Kane*, or Albert Whitlock's exquisitely eerie matte paintings for

The Birds. These, in turn, phase into the probable—Boris Leven's Victorian mansions for *Giant* or George Jenkins's impeccably cluttered room for *Klute*.

The thirties and forties were the hey-days of studio style when artists like Van Nest Polglase, Cedric Gibbons, and Hans Dreier provided much of the "look" we recognize, respectively, at RKO, MGM, and Paramount. When the studios were dismantled, artists like Leven and Jenkins became independents, developing the researched, documentary-style sets we associate with the location-oriented look of the sixties and seventies films.

As in all such chronological arrangements, there is the suggestion of an evolutionary pattern, from the more to the less artificial, from fantasy to realism. But what emerges is less a sense of progression than one of spectrum, of different schools of fantasy. Or realism. Film, the bastard child of photography and magic, can never escape or resolve its dual origins, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the art work that created an entire imaginary world within film, while preserving for future generations the world to which the film belonged. Far from being opposites, Herman Rosse's exotically baroque sets for *The King of Jazz* and Jenkins's elaborately authentic newsroom in *All the President's Men* share the same mixed heritage. Ultimately, it is the realism of the former—the conviction with which real dancers extend to fill real space, and in the latter, the streamlining touches of color and fantasy, that render these sets and the movies they inhabit so extraordinarily vivid. What makes the scale model for *Teahouse of the August Moon* so lifelike is not the minute duplications of green flora and fauna, but the rare touches of death in the one or two dead pine leaves and bare trees.

If the work of earlier set designers gives us more satisfaction, it is because their art is more integrated with the scenario, and there is a greater sense of play within accepted boundaries. Too often their successors seem to be trying for new backgrounds that will transcend the old back-lot fictions, and that succeed only in upstaging them. The sketch of Bree Daniels's room in *Klute* or the Chicago El in *Gaily Gaily* evoke nothing more than their own scrupulous authenticity, which may be why movies today look more real than they play.

Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

DANCING IN A MEMORY BANK

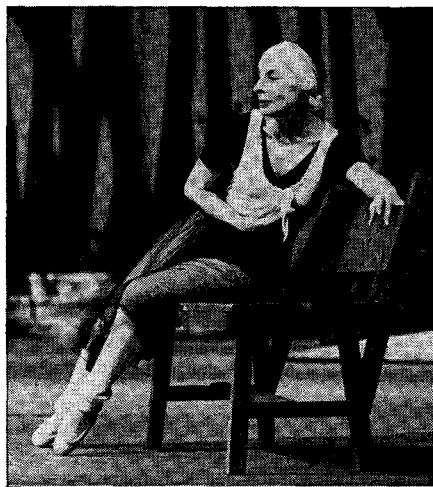
“...The Cuban dancers have made what amounts to a style out of Alicia Alonso’s unique combination of gifts and handicaps...”

The **Ballet Nacional de Cuba** divided viewers into two camps—people either loved it or they fell asleep. I’m testing out a theory that it appealed mostly to people who cut their ballet-going teeth in the 1940s and 1950s.

While Balanchine was quietly changing the rules of the game here in New York, several troupes kept ballet alive in North America with what was left of the old Russian magic—the stars, the spectacle, the fantasy. Dance is so evanescent that we tend to fix its best moments in our minds in order to hang onto them, and I’ve noticed the Ballet Russe imagery maintains a particularly tenacious grip on the aesthetics of those who knew it. I didn’t see the great stars in the forties and fifties, and I can’t imagine anyone dancing any more thrillingly than Merrill Ashley in *Who Cares?*, for instance, or Mikhail Baryshnikov in *Push Comes to Shove*; but they have different values, stress other skills.

The Cuban Ballet is a projection of the ballet ideal of Alicia Alonso, its director. When Alonso, at 57, dances the virginal *Giselle*, she isn’t so much animating the role as referring us back to what she coded into people’s memories years ago. Those who have that picture in their mental files marvel at how much she can still do; those who haven’t are uncomfortable with how much she can’t do.

What you see and what you’d rather not see is, I think, a central issue in reference to the Cuban Ballet. I see Alonso very carefully re-establishing a line, duplicating a characterization imprinted long ago. The spaces between her poses—where, for me, the dancing usually takes place—are attenuated and made smooth, so that they become almost as still as the poses themselves. Alonso’s classics represent a kind of ultimate form of preservation. She doesn’t seem to be newly experiencing a role in performance, as Margot Fonteyn in her fifties did *Cinderella*, for instance, but rather feeling her way through a familiar and exquisite landscape. I’m sure the way she performs is in part a response to her very limited eyesight.



At rest: Alonso during *Giselle* rehearsal.

When you consider that Alonso can hardly see, it’s extraordinary that she performs at all, but it’s also striking how her failing vision makes her terrifically conscious of her body positions—she must find the shape by an inner sensing of its alignment rather than by aiming somewhere in space—and how she can turn and balance so beautifully—by being securely, necessarily centered on her vertical axis—and how her consistent inward concentration makes her seem entranced or possibly divine.

While it’s not unusual for young dancers to imitate the qualities they admire in their teachers, the Cuban dancers have made what amounts to a style out of Alonso’s unique combination of gifts and handicaps. In them especially I miss the kinesthetic variety and detail, the movement between the poses, that enlivens contemporary dancing.

Some things they do very well—the women can rest on pointe forever, maintain a beautiful line in arabesque, work together flawlessly in unison passages; the men can jump high, do athletic tricks, and look soulful. But there’s a curious thinness to the choreography they do—a dearth of steps, an over-reliance on poses, and an almost complete disregard for musical values.

Conductors Eduardo Ramos and José Ramón Urbay seem to have

tailored their interpretations to the eccentric abilities of the star, but even when Alonso wasn’t dancing they tugged at scores unmercifully to make them suspenseful and drawn-out; there were times when the music became so slow I thought it would give up the ghost altogether. The dancers have developed corresponding distortions of phrasing—or, more often, they simply do not phrase, they just execute steps oblivious of making connections between them, musical or any other kind.

Acting and miming are important elements of the Cubans’ performances. Again referring back a generation, they use a very clear, demonstrative kind of acting, more like early movies than the naturalistic, personal style of today. It seems as if roles are set, with their facial expressions and gestures as well as steps, and after three performances the dancers still were indistinguishable to me, frozen like old portraits.

The repertory for the first of two weeks at the Met was heavily larded with standards in Alonso’s restagings—in addition to *Giselle*, a bland *Copélia*, an interminable *Les Sylphides*, and the adagio from the *Swan Lake* Act II pas de deux, done by Alonso and Jorge Esquivel at a tempo so slow it seemed to take as long as the whole ballet. I saw two contemporary works, *Canto Vital*, a circus of strenuous jumps and agonized posturings for four men with an inspirational program note, by the Soviet choreographer Azari Pliset-ski; and Antonio Gades’s *Blood Wedding*, based on Lorca.

Gades, the noted Spanish dancer, unevenly incorporated ethnic steps and theater collage techniques in what was essentially a mime ballet. In the wedding scene, during which the bride elopes with her lover, live guitarists and singers joined with the dancers; but for the rest of the ballet they played offstage through loudspeakers. The ballet ends with a slow-motion knife fight between the groom and his wife’s lover—and in a way the prolonged, artificially suspenseful image of that fight was just what the Cuban Ballet does all the time.

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Wholesale clothing—Moderate and better women's fashions, sizes 2-24½, are discounted here; over 300 manufacturers are represented, and many very famous designers are included. The semi-annual clearance sale reduces prices on spring-, summer-, and resort-wear, which will now be at or below cost. All-cotton, poly-cotton, linen, and linen-like-blend two- and three-piece suits, retail \$150-\$320, now \$70-\$150; one-, two-, and three-piece dresses and jacket dresses of cotton, polyester, poly-cotton, poly-chiffon voile, etc., all current lengths, retail \$38-\$300, now \$20-\$150; a special group of one- and two-piece dresses by a very famous designer, retail \$130-\$400, now \$56-\$190; gowns and long dresses in various fabrics, retail \$60-\$380, now \$20-\$100; skirts and pants in wool, cotton, and blends, retail \$40-\$90, now \$20-\$40; jackets, including blazers, smocks, water-repellent car coats, etc., retail \$68-\$170, now \$30-\$70. The labels are close-coded, but salespersons will assist you and give you prices. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. "Ms., Miss or Mrs.," 462 Seventh Ave., at 35th St. (736-0557); Mon.-Wed. and Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sat., 7/1, till 4 p.m. (closed Sat. July and August thereafter); through 7/31.

Kitchen things—Kitchen work units and baker's racks—serious purchases—are on sale here, together with other items. The work units were designed by the Well Tempered Kitchen and built to its specifications; they each have a hardwood top (maple butcher block or oak and mahogany), adjustable shelves for storing dishes, appliances, etc., and a utensil drawer. All are on casters. The maple units are reduced from \$395 to \$295; the oak-and-mahogany ones were \$450, now \$350; the open serving carts were \$195, now \$150. The baker's racks have steel frames, maple-butcher-block work spaces, hooks and shelves for hanging and storage, plus a wine-storage rack. They are priced according to size, were \$192-\$275, now \$134-\$192. Six-piece Portuguese heavyweight-copper cookware sets, were \$163.45, now \$114.40; 8-piece professional-weight-aluminum cookware sets, were \$81.95, now \$57.35; 50-piece stainless-steel flatware

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.

sets, now \$81-\$190; and more. Delivery on the work units and baker's racks available (additional cost). American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *The Well Tempered Kitchen*, 2080 Broadway, at 72nd St., second floor (595-8077); Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6:45 p.m., Sun. noon-5:45 p.m.; through 7/23.

Haute couture—The General Store is clearing away a goodly supply of selected merchandise, all of it in imported fabrics and all of it high-style. Reductions are of 30-50 percent, as witness: all-cotton ribbon-gauze drawstring skirts, were \$99, now \$50, and matching tops, were \$89, now \$45; the thinnest white Swiss-cotton-batiste tiered skirts, were \$115, now \$69; camisoles, were \$35, now \$28; and peplum blouses or wonderful cardigans, were \$75 each, now \$53. Ankle-tied, front-pleated beggar's-cloth pants, were \$79, now \$40, and matching buttoned big tops, were \$89, now \$45. Italian silk crepe de Chine separates feature tucked blouses and wraparound skirts, were \$227 each, now \$137; almost tissue-thin wool-challis tucked jackets, were \$249, now \$150, and matching dirndl skirts, were \$137, now \$96. For fall: wool-twill double-breasted blazers, were \$325, now \$165. Sizes 4-12. Straw and canvas bags, were \$16-\$28, now one third off. American Express, Carte Blanche, Master Charge, Visa, General Store charges, checks accepted; all sales final. *The General Store*, 711 Fifth Ave., entrance at 3 East 55th St. (688-4496); Mon.-Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 7/31.

Used cars—In May we told you that Hertz sells off its used cars. Well, Avis does too and is offering a \$100 reduction on its cars, all of which are air-conditioned and have power steering, power brakes, radios, and wheel covers. Avis offers a complete damage-repair record and a twelve-month or 12,000-mile power-train warranty. Ninety percent of its cars are General Motors models. Avis tells us that it doesn't sell all of its used cars to the public; only those which check out tops with its Autosense computer units, which are used for engine diagnosis. Here are some Avis prices on used '77 models: Olds Cutlass two-door, vinyl top, \$4,695; Chevrolet Caprice four-door, \$4,695; Olds Delta 88, \$4,845;

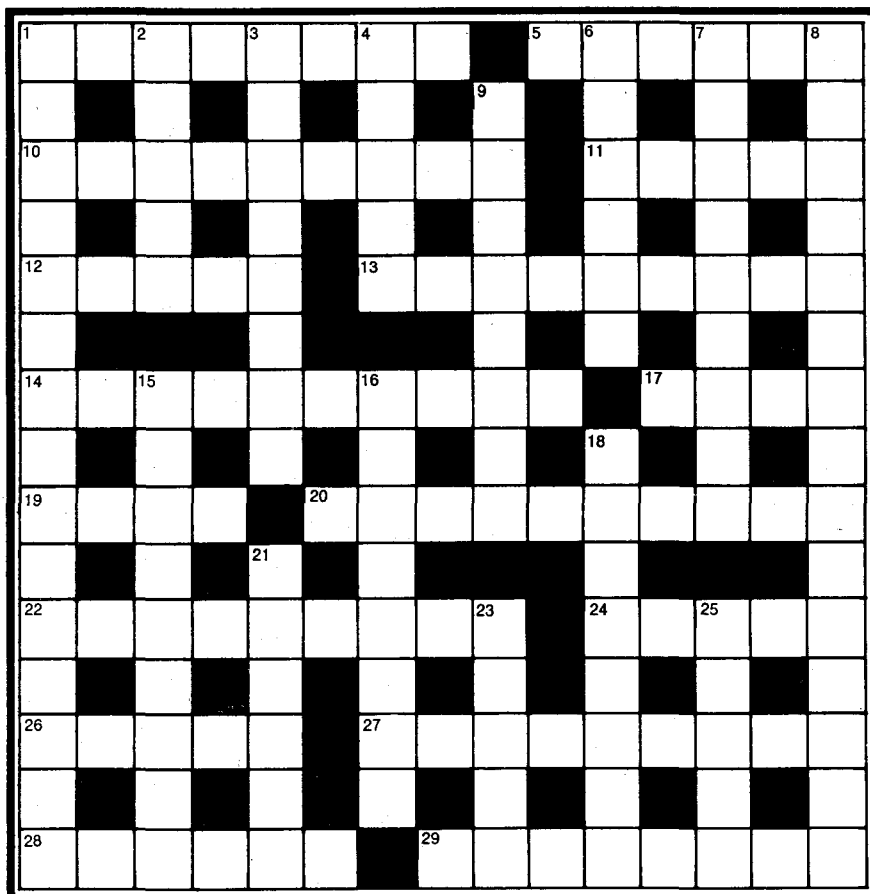
Buick Regal four-door, \$4,295; Chevrolet Monte Carlo, vinyl roof, \$4,695. Also, '78 cars available. Cars from the rental fleet are sold at the Syosset and Maspeth centers; one-owner cars from the leasing fleet are sold at Westbury. No trade-ins; financing to be arranged by purchaser. To obtain a \$100-discount certificate, write to Richard Reichenbach, 48-05 Grand Ave., Maspeth, N.Y. 11378. For more information about the cars, call (800) 331-1212.

Picnics—PS 77 Restaurant puts up a variety of picnic baskets to go. They must be ordered one day in advance, and for the entire July Fourth weekend, Sat.-Tues., 7/1-4, there will be a 25 percent discount on every basket ordered, with a two-person minimum. Regular prices run from \$4.95 (now \$3.70) per person for pâté, vichyssoise, Port-Salut cheese, fruit, and bread, up to \$8.95 (now \$6.70) for cold mussels vinaigrette, marinated-sliced-steak sandwich, salad, and fruit; there are six menus to choose from. A \$12 deposit must be made on the basket, which includes table settings. Free delivery in Manhattan on orders of five or more portions; beer available. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. Call 873-6930 seven days a week 10 a.m.-9 p.m.

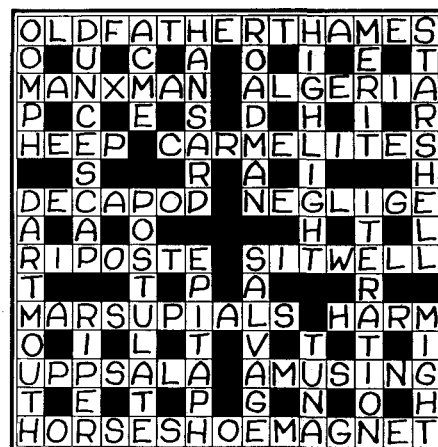
Expectant mothers—The Lady Madonna maternity boutiques are having a storewide clearance sale, starting immediately at all stores except the Madison Ave. branch. Pantsuits, were \$50, now \$35; dresses for casual wear, were \$48, now \$30; dresses for evening wear, were \$65, now \$33; tops in all styles, were \$25-\$28, now \$13 and \$14; dressy shirts and blouses, were \$46, now \$23, etc. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Lady Madonna*, 793 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (685-4555); Mon.-Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. till 8:30 p.m. (starting 7/1). Call for hours at other locations. Brooklyn: Kings Plaza Mall (253-6988); Queens: 107-12 71st Rd., Forest Hills (544-3432); Cedarhurst, L.I.: 411 Central Ave. (516 569-1312); Woodbury, L.I.: the Woodbury Common (516 367-4642); Lake Grove, L.I.: Smithhaven Mall (516 724-9666); White Plains: 150 Mamaroneck Ave. (914 948-9693). Also Eatontown, Paramus, Woodbridge, Livingston, N.J., and Hartford and Westport, Conn.; while stock lasts.

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Place to get a drink may be clean to this stubborn hanger-on. (8)
- 5 America initially, sir, could be adapted for another place. (6)
- 10 Useless stuff given to one worker in the woods. (9)
- 11 Player gets signal with some hesitation. (5)
- 12 Calms of the oriental seas when stormy? (5)
- 13 Extremely inexpensive rubbish—inferior! (4-5)
- 14 Calmness of temper leads

- 17 Love to forbid in this Scottish town. (4)
- 19 Instruments for food? (4)
- 20 From this place, a Scottish river runs in the future. (10)
- 22 Friends who finally draw contempt on themselves? (9)
- 24 Headless lady's 'eadgear and ring is one of nine. (5)
- 26 Not left on the plate in the heat enough. (5)
- 27 Travel too fast, using a perfectly acceptable automotive de-

- vice? (9)
 - 28 Prepared to drive around the street—tried, at least! (6)
 - 29 Way to get egg on fish. (8)
- ### DOWN
- 1 Waistcoat worn for safety in America? (6-5, 4)
 - 2 Swindles artist members. (5)
 - 3 One translation of dislike. (8)
 - 4 Hurt in the French sea? (5)
 - 6 Open international organisation group. (6)
 - 7 Step out with one who belongs but doesn't start as summer

- ends. (9)
- 8 Having a drink at sea? Not much! (1, 4, 2, 3, 5)
- 9 A northern chief in charge is disorderly. (8).
- 15 Man ties it wrongly, very much the same as in 22. (9)
- 16 Surgeon, perhaps, looking after the machine? (8)
- 18 It's not on to object to the Cockney lady and the criminal. (8)
- 21 Gamble with pitch. (6)
- 23 Paid out, but wasted. (5)
- 25 Originate an improvement in pay. (5)

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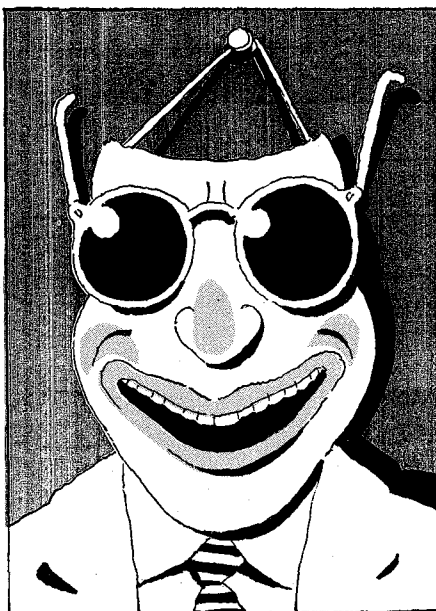
FORCED FARCE, CRYER'S OUTCRY

"... Once in a Lifetime is about the purblind leading the blind by the nose—as unfunny as it is intellectually unsatisfying ..."

What is wrong with *Once in a Lifetime* is what is wrong with much of American comedy and life: half-bakedness. Compare this Kaufman-and-Hart work with a typical European farce: In the latter, there may be one fool; the other characters are ordinary, sometimes even clever, people outwitting or outnitwitting one another, because life or we ourselves will make asses of us even in the midst of our smartness. In *Once in a Lifetime*, however—a farce about three down-and-out thespians trekking out to Movieland just after it has been hit by sound, to set themselves up as elocution teachers—all but two or three characters are mentally subaltern, while the clever ones are only half-baked, and inconsistent at that, the heroine speaking lousy English one moment, and able to impersonate a cultivated Britisher the next. So the entire play is about the purblind leading the blind by the nose, a spectacle as unfunny as it is intellectually unsatisfying.

I doubt if there are more than five or six honest laughs in the evening, and almost all of them involve a New York playwright (based on Kaufman himself) having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. Even so, the play could have profited from more imaginative staging than Tom Moore's: Less realism and more stylization would have been helpful. As it is, only Max Wright pushes the languishing would-be scenarist to expressionistic heights, which promptly makes a rather good performance seem excessive. At the other end of the scale, the usually superb George S. Irving turns an outrageous ass of a mighty studio head into a reasonably restrained characterization—as does Jayne Meadows Allen with a monstrous gossip columnist—with results that are inoffensive but unfunny.

As the romantic couple, Deborah May and Treat Williams are uninteresting, but, then, so are their parts. Julia Duffy registers sufficiently dumb but insufficiently pretty as the dumb ingenue; the best work in the large cast



comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Lithgow has just the right mixture of stupidity and humanity, shortchanging neither the idiocy nor the universality of the character. But there, again, we have the typical American farce touch: That the moronic dullard ends up on top of the heap is viewed with only slightly soured benevolence as a near-happy ending, rather than as a comic disaster, as European farce would perceive it.

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road is a short, symbolic theater piece with music in which Heather, a pop singer, runs through her new act, about to open that night, for her manager and intermittent lover, Joe. (An improbable conceit, but never mind.) Joe has a problem wife, is conventional and generally harried, and fancies himself sexually liberal although he is a perfect male supremacist—rather too perfect, in fact, for the good of the play's equilibrium. Soon Joe and Heather are fighting about their professional and personal differences, and a phone call announces that Joe's unliberated but faithless wife has yet again tried suicide by way of emotional blackmail. Despite moments

of rapprochement, when Heather throws in some old-fashioned material or a song written for Joe, the disagreements prove unbridgeable. Joe leaves, both as manager and as lover, while a saddened but defiant Heather gallantly carries on without him.

Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and Heather) and Nancy Ford (music) have collaborated many times before, and once, on *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*, with brilliant success. The new work is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts, and too belated and attenuated to earn a notable place in feminist theater. A few of the songs are quite engaging, yet even they have a dated sound; only the "Strong Woman Number" seems strong enough as a number, too, for survival. The characters of Joe and Heather are, viewed dispassionately, stereotypes, albeit with some well-turned lines to their credit. Word Baker has tried valiantly to direct some movement into an essentially static show, and Margot Rose and Betty Aberlin provide decent vocal and histrionic support. I am beginning to get tired of Don Scardino, who, year after year and whatever his role, plays a walking memorial to the late Brandon De Wilde: a tousle-headed, blond darling, talking like some demi-Demosthenes through a mouth full of lemon drops.

There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. This is clearly an autobiographical outcry, and seldom did a more charming woman cry out more sincerely, more gracefully, more movingly. When I first laid eyes on her, Miss Cryer looked like a Meissen shepherdess, from Dresden by way of Indiana; there was something indescribably lively, merry, and forthright about her. Now she has become middle-aged (which is partly what the show is about: It is Heather's thirty-ninth birthday), and has plainly experienced her heroine's artistic, social, and sexual problems. And she puts all her disenchantment, sadness, sparkling sarcasm, and womanly wisdom into her embodiment of Heather.

She is, now that she no longer looks freshly minted, touchingly lovely. The

face has lines and even folds; the slender body has an unstintingly lived-in look. At one point Heather tells Joe that she stands before him naked; so does Gretchen Cryer before the world: with her battered good humor, her still not embittered rebelliousness, her no longer youthful exterior turning diaphanous to reveal a spirit full of passion, irony, and unquenchable questioning. When she sits down at a nightclub table and—for once without a mike, only with piano accompaniment—sings "Dear Tom," a song about her ex-husband, and surely the prettiest and least original number in the score, I cannot imagine a man or woman who has had any cognizance of love and loss not wanting to hug her forever. Miss Cryer is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and I recommend that you memorize her.

The miseries of the **Spoletto Janáček Gala** (and I do not even mention the clumsy showing by a Slovak folk ensemble from New York) were almost compensated for by *Sinfonietta*, choreographed to the ever-youthful last orchestral work of the master by Jiří Kylian, the co-artistic director of the Netherlands Dance Theater. Kylian, a young Czech who was once soloist with the Stuttgart Ballet under Cranko, side-steps the patriotic implications of the score, though his generally abstract ballet, enhanced by clever suggestions of a Czech landscape in the evocative and inventively lighted backdrop, does end with a figurative return to the soil. The choreography, an apposite blend of lyricism and exuberant assertion, contains some striking passages for paired male dancers that appeal to a primitive craving for symmetry; but this is only a good, not a great, work.

The Netherlands Dance Theater's own program, however, revealed the nineteen-year-old group as one of the world's most exciting ensembles, and Kylian as a choreographer who may prove the heir to the sorely missed Cranko. After *Grosse Fuge*, Hans van Manen's best ballet to date (even if its insistent sexuality is translated into curiously stylized, almost academic, terms), we got three remarkable works by Kylian: *Verklärte Nacht*, lovely and passionate, but a trifle conventional and thematically confusing; *Symphony in D* (music by Haydn), a splendid piece of parody and satire, on a level with the best of Robbins; and *Stool-game* (electronic score by Arne Nordheim), a magisterial mix of classical and modern, dance and acrobatics, with every dancer in this sinister yet also moving parable truly a soloist.

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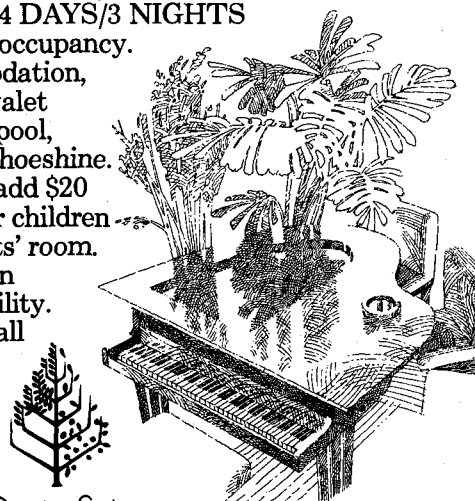
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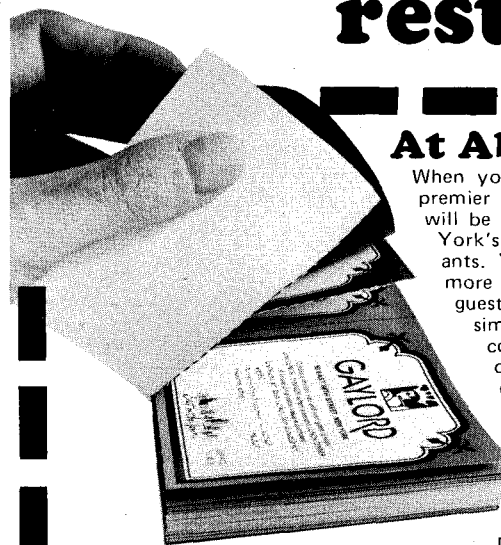
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ART & ANTIQUES

This is a biweekly Section for Galleries, Antique Dealers & Auction Houses limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Introductory Rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—\$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—\$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—\$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—\$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra \$5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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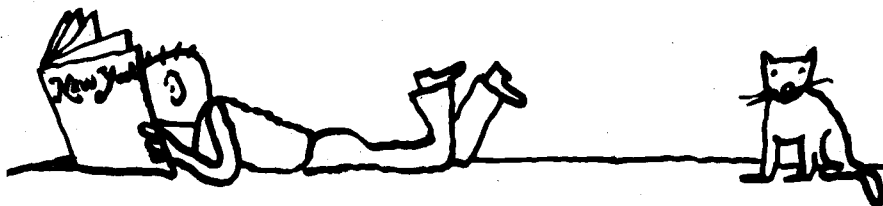
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Because of the July 4th Holiday, Classified is closing the July 17 Issue, which is on sale July 10, on Friday, June 30, instead of our normal Tuesday closing.



TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—\$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—\$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—\$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—\$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra \$5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



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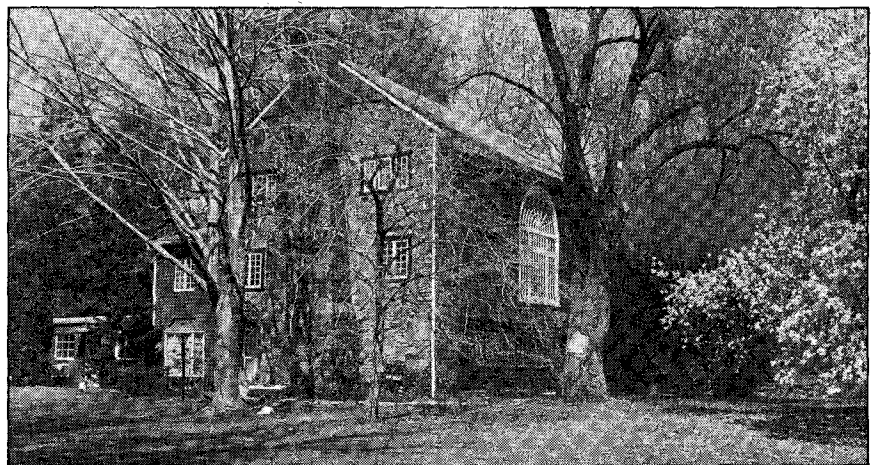
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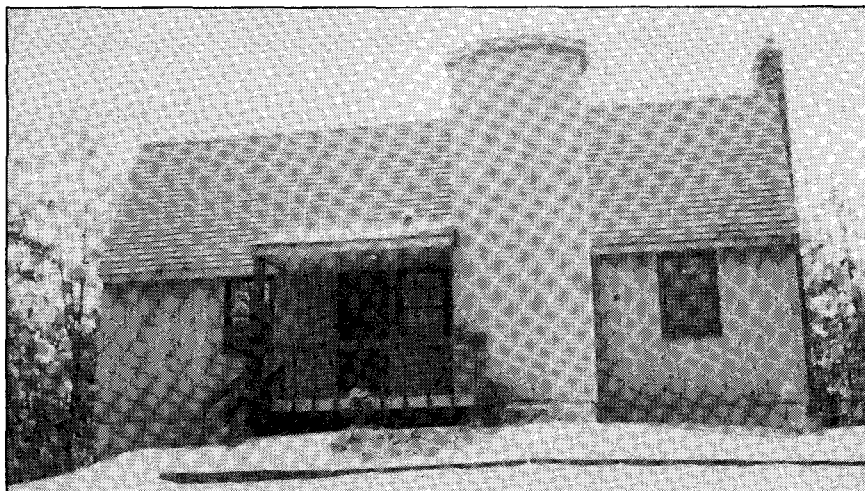
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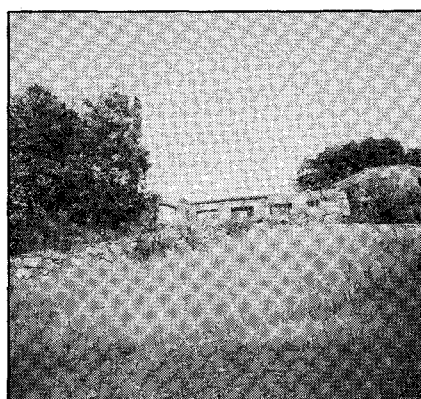
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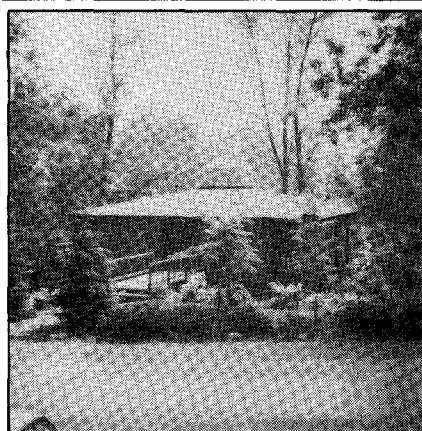


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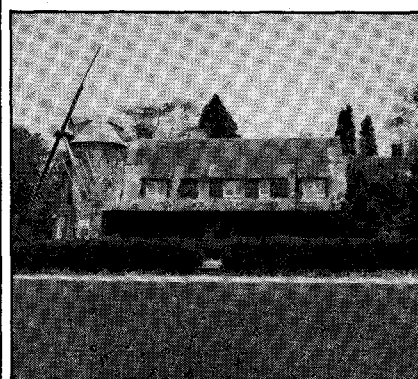
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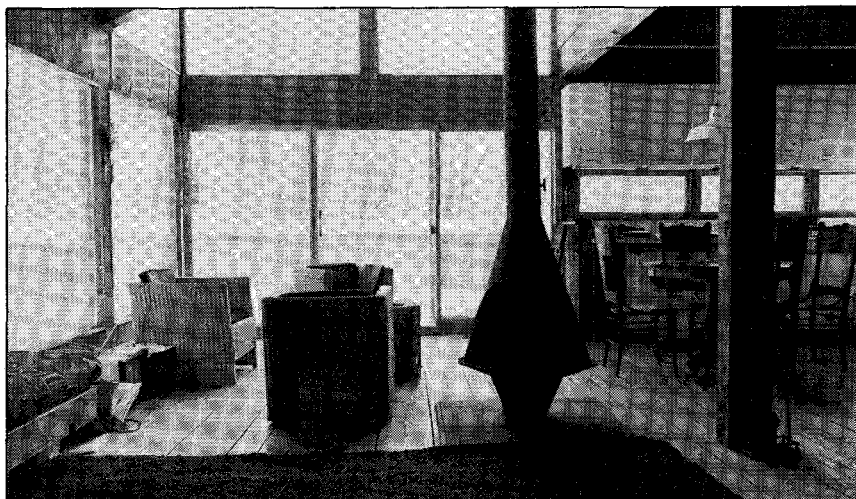


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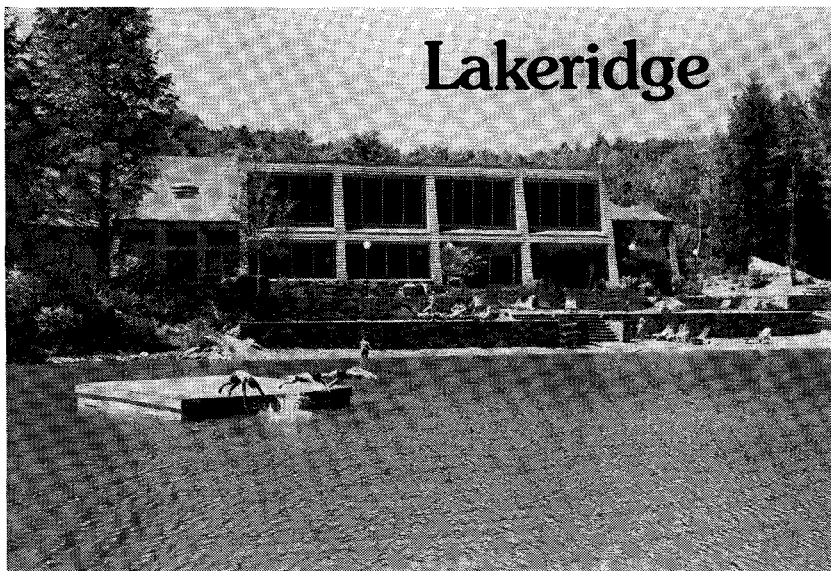
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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 323

BY MARY ANN MADDEN



Above, an epitaph for Mick Jagger. Competitors are invited to devise brief monumental prose for one famous person of fiction or fact.

Results of Competition 320, in which you were asked for a fable, riddle, or love letter using (once) each letter of the alphabet except "x."

Report: Well, it's the old fable, riddle, and love-letter quandary. The only way to judge these is to read them as if no strictures were imposed, and as if your life depended on it. No, wait. I mean, you read them ignoring the alphabet thing, and look for wit, or sentiment, or just lack of self-consciousness. Then you count the damn letters. In the love notes, popular names included Quentin & Zachary & Scott & Zelda. You remember them, they used to rent the old Mormon Tabernacle on Main Street? Some, uh, disagreement (me and thee) as to what constitutes a fable. The riddles were clever; the love letters, actually lovable. Anything that isn't a love letter or a riddle, you figure must be a fable. The thing that moves is soup.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Answer: Knicks, Rangers, Giants, Yankees, Mets, Nets, Bets, Jets.

The question: Who didn't Lionel Hampton, Van Cliburn, Zoot Simms, or Ukulele Ike ever play for?

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Found roses in *Times* magazine. Gorgeous! Sneezing woke neighbor. 3K. Vacationing allergist. Jerry. Quite concerned. Prescribed Benadryl. Orsini's. Zack, love, understand how difficult. Eighteen years . . .

Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Unc's mynah, in dense Barcelona./Ranks the quirkiest, chattiest known;/He'll go zapping Juan's ears/For six weeks or long years./And never Valencia phone.

Albert G. Miller, NYC

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

What has zigzag maroon stripes, veined green fingers, quivering nostrils, and three rheumy eyes?

I don't know, but one just crawled up your pants leg.

*similarly: Anne Bernstein, NYC;
David Conti, Summit, N.J.*

Roxanne: Eternal are your queenly graces, inimitable loveliness, unbounded *joie de vivre*. One billion kisses, Christian. Postscript: My friend with the big nose says hello.

Maurice J. Shoestack, Kendall Park, N.J.

He climbed Everest without a rest. Going up fast, movements like paws. No oxygen, breathing thin. Dead in Katmandu. James Qualmed, Zenlike. You see, Valerie?

John Heckenlively, Franklin, Wis.

Contest person invited fables, riddles, billets-doux, twenty-five words, a different letter on each. (Her questions utterly vacuous.) She got—zilch!! Moral: You just never know.

Oliver M. Neshamkin, M.D., NYC

And Honorable Mention to:

In Lexington, Kentucky, a bride plunked four gargantuan eggplants right on her mate's unprotected noggin. Queer Justine—zany yet victorious dame who conks to stupor.

Sal Rosa, NYC

Dear Mikhail Baryshnikov: You gorgeous Russian. Kirkland's obviously too skinny. I have what virile jumpers need—pulchritude and unflagging energy. Call quickly. Love forever, Zita.

Lydia Walshin, Boston, Mass.

My darling: I have gone to Phoenix. By now you're sleeping. Lie quietly and rest. Just keep on Z-Z-Zing. Forget "us" existed. Very Wakefully, Campbell.

Martha Evards, NYC

A zany yet gentle Indian lovingly fixed up his tepee with kinky decorations purchased by mail order. Querulous, jealous neighbors enviously remarked, "Cheap Sioux veneers!"

Nikki Rosa, NYC

What do Bass, Egypt, Fifty-six, Gobbler, Jumbo, King, Lumber, Montreal, Nail, Okay, Paris, Quitman, Republican, Scotland, Umpire, Venus, Yukon, Zion have in common? Arkansas towns.

Bill Emery, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Madden: Your brilliant judgment plus zest in kindly reprinting our numerous, quaint entries gives us latent confidence and future hope. The Wolfsons, Spring Valley.

*Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Walter S. Boone, Valdese, N.C.;
Herb Shea, Little Silver, N.J.;
Sunny Kramer, Harrison, N.Y.;
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.;
Mike Musulin, Lexington, Ky.;
P. Gallagher, NYC*

What kind of name might you justifiably bestow upon ten very penitent little ducks invading a zealous crusader's evening revival for spiritual healing? Graham Quackers.

Preston Spickler, NYC

Dear Zacherly: How's my sweet, kind vampirekins? Please come quickly—jealousy undoes love. From tonight on, I'll rob graves with nobody but you. Eternally, Agatha.

Gwen Cerasoli, Highland Park, N.J.

What sounds Gallic but isn't, describes Madden's premise for this Competition quite rightly, and exhibits yeasty, zesty, upbeat kinds of linguistic vagary, hmmm? Joyeux Noëx!

Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

Zippy pizzazz in jokes happily may obtain from some unspoken elements. *Quod vide:* What's the natural kinship between gamecocks and lawyers? Your roosters cluck defiance!

Norton Bramesco, NYC

Dear Valda: What's our basic problem, anyway? Egos? Neurasthenia? Faulty tennis? Halitosis? Jewishness? Zits? My

knock-knees? Your lousy quiches? Raging stupidity? I give up. Ciao!

Mark Lawrence, Boston, Mass.

What crawls quadruped during mornings, zips by on a pair for lunch, yet uses three gamms every night? Solution: intoxicated kangaroo judging highly valued rye.

Bettina Conner, Washington, D.C.

sp. mention: L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.;

Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn;

H. Hirschberg, Bayside, N.Y.

Eating viands zestfully, Queen Antoinette of France laughingly commanded revolutionaries to join numerous, underprivileged people in doing without bread. Story's gory moral: Keep your head.

Susan Kay, NYC

Dear John: After you zapped my parakeet with Quaaludes, I finally knew our relationship needed to end. Good birds, unlike cruel lovers, have survival value.

Carole Gottsegen, New Orleans, La.

Four giraffes visited Sardi's. Each quickly ordered Kahlúa. Bartender muttered, "Don't recall zoo herd imbibing locally." Jersey cow uttered, "At these prices you won't, neither."

David Richey, Little Rock, Ark.

Very quickly, guess which local biweekly diversion is unbelievably zany, sometimes has Ed Koch jumping, and publishes repeats first? The New York Magazine Competition, obviously!

Rabbi Michael N. Stevens, Warren, Ohio

sp. mention: Irene Gilbreth,

Nantucket, Mass.;

Eve Thurston, NYC;

M. Ziprin, North Bergen, N.J.;

G. Steiding, L. McAneny, Princeton, N.J.

Dear Philip: Suddenly became queen while viewing zebra at Treetops. Jomo Kenyatta gives me little reassurance his fledgling nation understands our country's interests. Yours, Elizabeth.

Joseph Reich, NYC

Franny and Zooey, youthfully consuming numerous vodkas, kicked expensive jewels right by our dog, who quickly swallowed them up. Moral: People living in Glass houses . . .

S. Kulick, NYC

Dear Box U-137: Saw your Kinky Pleasures Review ad. Navel fetishism is quite my greatest joy, too; would love having equally zestful companion. Viva "outies"!

Douglas Braverman, East Meadow, N.Y.

You're kept in a room with only calendar plus bed. Quick—how to get very zany nutrition? Eat dates. Springs just under mattress furnish liquid.

Doloris S. Shostack, Kendall Park, N.J.

Dearest: Perfection! That's your quality. Beauty—vivaciousness. An unending romance called happiness. Kisses for gods. Zeus would envy our joined spirit. I love me, Narcissus.

Dr. Arnold Diamond, Bay Terrace, N.Y.

sp. mention: Gregory Kelly, NYC

What's gray, has big ears, and carries valuable information to Yosemite National Park? Superannuated (old) dustmen riding zebras looking for quince jam underneath Macy's kayak.

Becky Younger, Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Zabar's: Question: How many customers write praising your infinite variety of uncommon breads, juicy roasts, knockwursts? Thanks for an exceptional store! Love, "Nosh" Greer.

Margaret T. Greer, NYC

Just what grounds do your nostalgia kooks have for relegating valuable zinc into second place unto quite lowly carborundum? Because emeries are made of this.

Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.

We exchanged pleasant quips at the zoo near koala bears, remember? Monkeys jabbered. You grinned cutely. Unusual first meetings happen. Did I strike out? Love.

Lawrence Lawrey, Los Angeles, Calif.

Why did one chicken go across the road? Undoubtedly, sanctuary from video entrepreneurs' huckstering kinfolk in quatrains made lethal by Yankee zeal necessitated poultry's journey.

Richard Hagouel Langsam, NYC

Foreign car knocked down playwright Hart while unearthing quartz zeolites. Victims bellowed: "Jerk! I oughta lapidate you, except that a gathering Moss stones no Rolls."

Ernst T. Theimer, Rumson, N.J.

Zack: Quincy knows about us. That creep read my letters. Jealousy prompted his violent outburst in Friday's Saturday night. Did Bertha guess? Ever yours, Wanda.

Kim Fuller, Miami, Fla.

Do you know why zealous palindromists ride London's five o'clock commuter express? (Quick hint: Just stir up gin and vermouth.) Because it's nicknamed "Martini Tram."

Barry Anderson, Washington, D.C.

How did the politely formal solid geometrician verbally react upon closely quizzing a young, nubile, kinetic Juno? "Zeus! I love my wife, but oh Euclid!"

Ellen Burr, New Paltz, N.Y.

Come/Quietly, without harshness./Although traveling no sky/Or knowing different zodiac./Return./My every gesture venerates you./In unconditional forgiveness./Justice punishes./But love?

Margaret Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.

sp. mention: Cathy Ross, Inwood, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 323, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by July 7. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of New York. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to New York, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of August 7. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards only.

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WHO'S WHO IN THE HOOSEGOW

... Many city officials have been convicted of various crimes. A few of the unlucky ones have actually been sent to jail ...

Although numerous city officials have been investigated, indicted, and even found guilty of various crimes over the years, many of them never saw the inside of a cell. The following list includes only those who found that stone walls do indeed a prison make.

1. Boss Tweed. The reign of Tammany boss William M. Tweed was ended by a barrage of indictments in 1872 and 1873. Tweed and his "ring," which included Mayor A. Oakey Hall, Comptroller Richard B. Connolly, and Parks Commissioner Peter Sweeny, were charged with sharing lucrative kickbacks on city contracts for everything from street paving to the \$12-million Tweed courthouse. Hall was found not guilty; Connolly escaped to France; Sweeny "settled" with the city and retired to Canada. Only Tweed was convicted; he served a year in jail but was re-indicted upon release. He then escaped to Spain but was captured and returned to prison, where he died in 1876.

2. Maurice E. Connolly and Frederick Seely. Queens Borough President Connolly and his borough engineer, Seely, were investigated in 1927 for manipulating bids for a Queens sewer system. They had conspired with contractor John Phillips to write bid specifications calling for a certain pipe which, it happened, only Phillips was offering for sale. Phillips was charged with collecting more than \$3 million above the fair market value of his pipe, and Connolly with receiving more than \$145,000 in kickbacks. Phillips and another star witness died before they could testify, but Connolly



and Seely were convicted and sentenced to a year in jail and a fine of \$500 each. At the Welfare Island jail, Connolly worked as a clerk while Seely took up his former occupation of engineer.

3. James J. Moran. This first deputy fire commissioner, a protégé of Mayor William O'Dwyer's, was convicted in 1951 and 1952 for shaking down fuel-oil suppliers who wanted permits or favorable inspections from the city. Moran was sentenced to 5 years for perjury before the Senate Crime Investigating Committee and given 15½ to 28 years for extortion and conspiracy. While serving time at Sing Sing, he worked as a freight handler.

4. J. Vincent Keogh. A State Supreme Court justice, Keogh was convicted in 1962 for attempting to fix a federal-court sentence for a jukebox operator who had pleaded guilty to defrauding a bankruptcy trustee. Keogh and Assistant District Attorney Elliott Kahaner were charged with having shared a \$35,000 bribe raised by Mafia racketeer Antonio "Tony Ducks" Corallo in return for prevailing upon a federal judge to go easy on the jukebox operator. Keogh served eight months of a two-year sentence.

5. James L. Marcus. The meteoric rise of John Lindsay's water commissioner ended in 1968, when Marcus pleaded guilty to awarding a

contract to clean up the Jerome Park Reservoir after conspiring to share a \$40,000 bribe with, among others, "Tony Ducks" Corallo. Marcus served eleven months of a fifteen-month sentence in a federal prison in Florida.

6. Ted Gross. Another Lindsay appointee, Gross pleaded guilty in 1973 to a charge of accepting bribes from contractors within days of his appointment as youth-services commissioner. After serving sixteen months of a three-year sentence upstate at Green Haven prison, Gross worked for the State Department of Correctional Services and as an industrial-glue salesman. He was found murdered in his car in Brooklyn two years ago.

7. Alan Hochberg. Bronx Assemblyman Hochberg was convicted in 1976 of attempting to bribe a potential opponent to drop out of an Assembly race. The charges arose after Hochberg offered Charles Rosen, leader of the Co-op City rent strike, a \$20,000 legislative job, another job for Rosen's brother-in-law, and \$5,000 from his Assembly expense account. Rosen told all to the special prosecutor, and Hochberg was convicted. He began serving his one-year sentence this June 19. Before his indictment, Hochberg was chairman of the Assembly Ethics Committee.

8. Matty Troy. The career of the Queens city councilman and Democratic boss came to a humiliating end in September 1976, when he pleaded guilty to filing a false income-tax return. Troy served 55 days of a two-month sentence and still faces state charges that he juggled the accounts of estates handled by his law firm.

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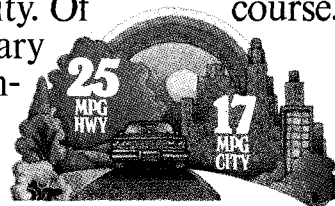
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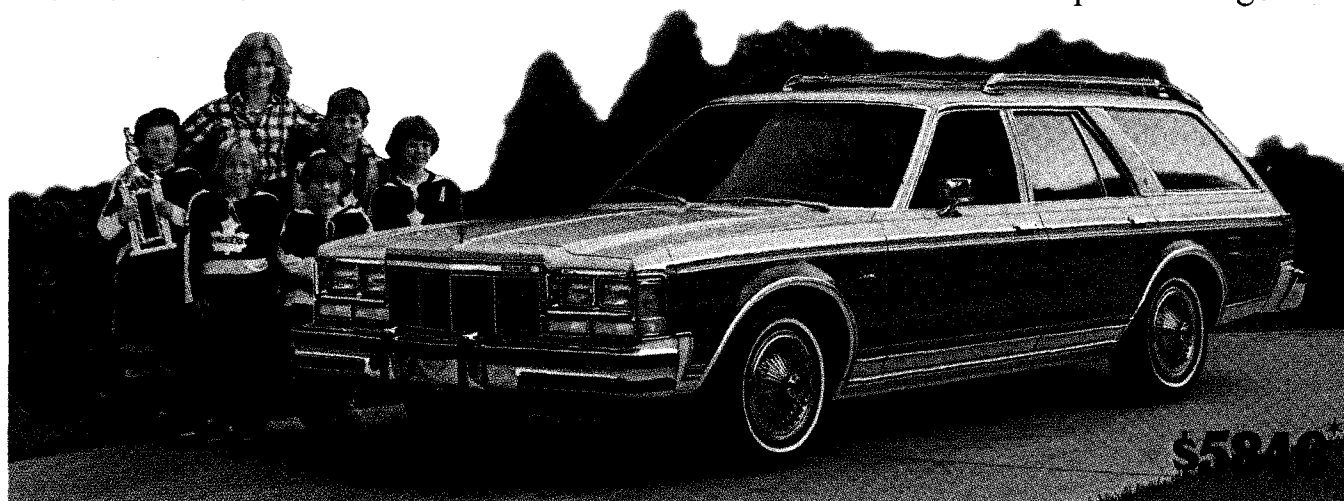
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